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Winter

ill the Communists Get Our Girls In College? One Father's Story

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The Private Life of Fredric March

A LITTLE CHILD
means so much
more to you than
A LITTLE TIME

PLEASE
DRIVE
CAREFULLY
DEPARTMENT OF SAFETY

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET

SOLID STEEL TURRET-TOP
BODY BY FISHER
SAFETY PLATE GLASS
KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY
WEATHERPROOF CABLE-CONTROLLED BRAKES

Greta GARBO
Fredric MARCH

Anna Karenina

"ALL THAT I KNOW . . . I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called . . . to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

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(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
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SEPTEMBER 7, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 36

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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THE TERRIFYING ATTRACTIONS OF POWER

POWER is the most alluring of all human acquisitions. At times it intoxicates one with its potentialities. The outstanding appeal of wealth is not always represented by the dollars-and-cents value of stocks, bonds, land, etc. There are other desirable possessions—distinction, grandeur, dignity—all a species of power that can be used effectively by the owner.

We all like to be winners, to be in command, to be renowned. Personal aggrandizement! How most people love it!

And the more you get the more you want. There is no such thing as satiation. The acquisition of power never seems to reach a satisfying level; you are never fully satisfied.

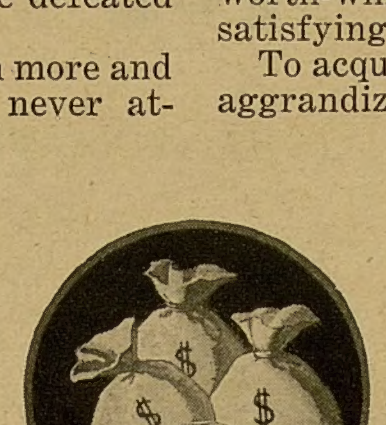
Now and then you hear of officials in government positions referred to as being " drunk with power." And the expression is often literally true. One can be made drunk with alcoholic liquors, but the process is rarely satisfying until the victim is " under the table." The drunkard must drink until he loses consciousness. To a certain extent one can make a similar application to officials who are placed in positions which are beyond their mental capacity.

Disaster is the ultimate fate of such people, though they are often impressed with the idea that they have been invested by Almighty God with the responsibility of wielding this mighty force.

War at this time threatens the entire world, and what is the object of such conflicts? Each nation is fighting for more power. One nation desires to manifest its superiority over the other, to dominate the other, to rule the other. And at times the defeated nation is enslaved.

Every nation wants to be supreme, with more and more power. Complete satisfaction is never attained. Wars are fought for that purpose and for no other. Alexander the Great was said to have wept when there were no more worlds to conquer.

Napoleon went to war because of his inflated ego, love of power—but he met his Waterloo because of that flamboyant ambition. He was surely drunk with power. He could not be satisfied. And, like the alcoholic soak, his wants could not be satisfied until his senses were benumbed.



But this Herculean force—desire for power—is a two-edged sword. It can become a mighty force for evil, destroying nations, ravishing the world, though it has an equal if not a greater influence for upbuilding purposes.

Money, authority, responsibility—if suddenly thrust upon one—often becomes a dangerous menace.

Experience is life's great balance wheel. It is the only dependable teacher. Few people can effectively learn in any other way. When they are thrust in situations far different from those to which they have been accustomed they are facing danger which may lead to ruin.

Sudden success is not unlike strong wine. It is likely to make one foolishly drunk. Few people have the strength of character essential to keep their poise in such a situation.

Riches and power in any form are more desirable if slowly acquired or, better still, if actually earned.

We frequently hear of a rich man's sons and daughters making fools of themselves. We hear of them wasting their lives, becoming mere human hulks, wrecks discarded to the cemetery a generation before their time, the frequent result of unearned rewards, power, money.

Nearly every one is ambitious to acquire wealth. Many people " save their pennies," hoping to attain pecuniary independence. Others who have a genius for making money pile up huge fortunes. But money power beyond one's actual needs, unless there are worth-while objects for its attainment, never brings satisfying happiness.

To acquire money merely for the sake of personal aggrandizement, to be pointed at and sought after for one's riches, usually denies one the joys of true friendship, the love and respect which make a home a haven of restful content.

A good spender is always surrounded with would-be friends. But when wealth disappears they evaporate like snow in the summer sun.

The idea that money can buy everything, even satisfy the longings of a hungry soul, is ridiculous and absurd.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

By Order of Queen Jane

A Thrilling Tale from a Land Afar—of Lovers in Peril, a Royal Ruse, and a Gallant Sacrifice

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE steamer slowly nosed into Sac-Sac Strait. You could have told with eyes shut that she was at last in touch with land. The free wide beat of her engines suddenly was muffled down to a hollow-sounding tramp; the gurgling run of breakers along her counter ceased. If you had been blind you would have known all that. You would, further, have understood, by the cold spicy smell upon the water, the whiff of wood smoke, of orchids wet with rain, that the great forests of New Gaboon were near at hand.

New Gaboon. Cruel, lovely, mysterious. New Gaboon—even in these latter days little civilized; in the days of which I tell almost untouched; a land where law hardly ran; a place where the strongest ruled. Days not long ago—not so long as the brief passage of years that carries a woman from beauty and young power into the lonely dusk of middle age—yet past.

Queen Jane is dead. All the South Seas knew her. Daughter of a white sea captain and a Samoan princess; married to a white man—to more than one; owner of vast properties in the wild Far West of the Pacific; dominant, beautiful, daring.

In those days she reigned as no actual legitimate sovereign of Pacific groups ever did reign. Queen only by force of character, she mastered New Gaboon with one brown-ivory hand. She and the Sydney shipping firm Brand-Filson were the powers of the West; and which was the greater, Jane or the octopus of the Pacific, few could have told.

The steamer was not calling at Sac-Sac on this trip. They meant to make a call on the way down. When the launch of Queen Jane was heard palpitating in the distance, under a violet hill, the captain of the Siandra quietly cursed.

He called the purser. "We'll have to let her aboard," he said. "Quarter of an hour, no more. We must clear these damned reefs before sundown; there's too many ships piled up here already."

"Now you're going to see something," the young surgeon of the ship, Steve Kirby, said to the pretty girl who had come up from Sydney for the voyage. She had spent a great deal more on the trip than she could afford—seeing she was what they used to call a "decayed gentlewoman," otherwise an Australian country magnate's daughter, broken by the last depression but two (for this was in the nineteenth century) and obliged to governess for her living. He, knowing this, was anxious for the Western Isles to do their best.

"I've seen enough," she said, staring at the goblin peaks above, "to fill me up from head to heels. I couldn't hold any more." They had called at various ports, and Anita, making first acquaintance with the wide world, was fairly drunk on it.

This she said with no idea how little she had yet seen or experienced; how very much more lay in waiting for her beyond those peaks of thunder purple and plum black standing about the bay. It was perhaps a witless saying—a challenge to fate. For it is certain that from that hour the adventures began.

Kirby said, drawing himself up in the white-and-gold tropic uniform that became his broad-shouldered figure so well, and looking to see that his white boots were unsoiled:

"What about a queen? There's one making for the ship as fast as she can go, and she means to hold us up."

"Jane?" breathed Anita.

"No less. There, she's steering for the ladder. She'll be on board in a minute."

"Oh!" cried Anita. Queen Jane had stepped from her launch to the accommodation ladder; was covering it with a trailing flood of orange velvet and vermilion silk; was lightly, in spite of her bulk—six feet two she was, and no sylph, even in those younger days—mounting to the deck.

WITH no premonition as to what she was to be to the Queen, or the Queen to her, Anita watched the ascent of majesty. Queen Jane, on her account, favored Anita with a stare at first careless, then suddenly interested, then closely scrutinizing. She seemed to take her in from head to foot, to sum her up as swiftly as a breeder sums the capacities, temper, and descent of a horse.

"Are you," she said as she passed her, "a good girl?" Before that query, and the piercing glance that accompanied it, Anita blushed dawn-red. Feebly she stammered, "Yes, I hope so," wondering the while what, really, Queen Jane might mean.

Jane went on toward the dining saloon, where captain and purser were awaiting her. The largest shipper of copra in the western Pacific, she was not to be neglected. Murmur of talk came up from the open hatchway. By and by somebody called for Kirby, who was flirting on the boat deck with Anita. He went reluctantly, and Anita did not see him again until after the ship had sailed, when he came to her cabin bursting with laughter.

"Did you see it?" he cried. "Oh, Lord, did you see it—her?"

Anita came out to join him. In the alleyway Kirby leaned against the bulkhead, that was throbbing now with the rapid movement of the ship, and said, frankly wiping his eyes:

"Well, maybe it's as well you didn't. But—the Queen kept us a quarter of an hour over sailing time, and stayed drinking champagne till she had the captain fair snake-headed and he swore he'd start off with her. She said, 'I'll go when I'm ready.' And the old man went up to the bridge and rang for his engines, and she opened another bottle. And he went off. And Queen Jane, when she'd finished—and, mind you, it affected her no more than so much water—went up on deck, looked about her—we were three miles from land, in the middle of a mass of reefs as white as wool—and then she shed every stitch of her clothes in one great heap on deck, leaped over the rail before any one could touch her, and started swimming ashore.

"I said to the purser, 'Lord,' I said, 'she'll drown!' 'Not her,' he said; 'she'll live to break the spirit of twenty pursers yet—but I lay we'll have to smooth her down by doing what she wants.'"

Anita said, "What's that?" and fairly jumped when Kirby casually said, "Oh, she wants them to lend me to her to put up an isolation hospital, or see it done, and start a sort of medical service. She's as up-to-date as they make 'em, in some ways. About Stone Age in others. We can get another doctor before we return, but—"

"What?" Anita asked, trying hard to hide her dismay. The Queen wanted to borrow Kirby, did she? And what about Anita, deserted?

FOR the second time Kirby took her breath away. "She wants you too," he said. "Told the Old Man she'd like you to come and stay at the palace for ever so long. Said, when he asked her, it was because you were a good girl. I lay she wants to sort of adopt you, make you a kind of daughter companion. She has no kids, she and her white husband—nor had any of the—" He broke off. "I say, you'll come, won't you? She's as rich as the Rockefellers, and it might be rather fun."

"Of course I will," Anita agreed. "Fun! I should think so."

Steve Kirby looked—not for the first or the hundredth time—at the red lips, long eyelashes, coiled hair of chestnut red, and slim fine girlish figure of Anita. Yes, it would be fun—with her. No doubt of that.

Anita, lying in her cabin that night, could hardly sleep for joy. She was in love with the handsome young ship's doctor. She knew it very well, though it seemed to her that he didn't quite understand himself or his feelings. Fully she understood her own; knew what it meant when she thrilled at his slightest touch, trembled almost when he came near. He was so alive, so full of vigor. Like a dynamo, she thought, not knowing very well what a dynamo was, or what a man like Kirby might be like when you won him, got him home—if you ever did—but very sure that she wanted him, was terribly afraid of missing him.

She did not "miss" him, in her simple sense of the word. Before they stopped at Sac-Sac again, on their way back, Kirby had proposed and been accepted. He had no prospects, apologetically he told her, but if she didn't mind waiting—and if maybe they made a fortune between them out of Queen Jane—why, then, everything'd be all right.

He kissed her; and Anita, because she had never been kissed before (this being the nineteenth, not the twentieth century), turned so hotly crimson that Kirby kissed her again, calling her, in an unusual burst of poetry, his lily—his red island lily.

Jane, he thought, had been right when, in her trenchant way, she had called this Anita of his a good girl.

When they had reached the anchorage of Sac-Sac once again, and the boat was pushing off, the purser leaned across the rail to shout after Kirby and Anita: "Hi! Listen a minute. I know these islands, boy and man, for twenty years. If you two are sweet on each other, keep it to yourselves. Savvy?"

They understood and, wondering a little, resolved to follow his advice. . . .

Queen Jane, like most Pacific sovereigns, had two houses: an imposing palace, built and furnished European style, but scarcely used at all—indeed, her English husband, the handsome lazy dissipated fellow known as John—was the only person who ever seemed to live in it;

the other a large comfortable native house, constructed not after the style of the savage country over which she ruled, but in the way of her own native Samoa—a huge mushroom roof with open walls, surpassingly cool and pleasant.

There, on an afternoon some days after the landing of Anita and the ship's doctor Kirby, Queen Jane was seated cross-legged on the white-pebble floor, educating Anita. Today it was in the art of sitting Samoan-princess fashion—flat on the ground, with legs close folded as a man folds his arms. Yesterday the art of receiving visitors gracefully, conversing with them, showing them to their houses, and organizing games and dances for their amusement, had occupied the Queen and her protégée.

"Try it now," she said to Anita, getting up. "You ought to be able, you who stand on your head and turn yourself inside out every morning for exercise. Exercise! Ah, ah, you *papalengi* [white folk]! You are always making work for yourselves—work that doesn't do anything. Me, I work in my office; I work making money. But to stand on the head and wriggle like a speared eel just for exercise! No—no. When I want to wriggle I do the Tahiti dances. You shall not learn those, Anita, but I shall teach you the Samoan girl dance very soon. Now sit and look as if you were receiving guests."

Anita, previously instructed, sat down on the threshold and, with some difficulty, folded her legs as a man folds his arms. She wore a short colored *pariu*, the island tunic, of flowered silk, and a little silk jerkin like the tabard worn by a knave in a pack of cards. Round her neck was a magnificent string of pearls and three chains of flowers and red berries. Her red-brown hair, loosened, flowed over her shoulders to her waist.

"That is good," said Jane, towering above her. "Hold up your head and use your fan. Say 'I am glad to see you. Will you please come in?'"

Anita said it. Since her arrival nearly a week ago she had not questioned any order of Queen Jane's—Jane who was so royally generous to her; who had given her two rooms in the palace and a mat in the Samoan house, and a horse to ride and pearls to wear, and two little boys to run her errands and two girls to cook her food, and above all, something that she could not quite understand but knew to be meant as an honor—the constant presence, night and day, of four old women, Sac-Sac savages, queer, kindly, and vigilant. From what they were protecting her she did not exactly know; but, on an island that had very lately been cannibal and was still exceedingly savage, she felt that any protection, any company, was good.

SHE had not seen much of Kirby. The Queen, immediately on his arrival, had informed him that she wished him to remain as doctor to herself and her friends; had named a salary that made him gasp, and paid down the first quarter of it, on account, in solid sovereigns.

Then she had dispatched him to a small outlying island, with a dozen native workers, to put up quarantine buildings. "Any time," she had said, "any time maybe some smallpock coming, some measle; then what will we do? Make out an order for beds and everything you want; I send it down next boat. By-'n'-by you putting up proper hospital on Sac-Sac; better you order hospital things too."

"May I have carte blanche?" Kirby asked, with shining eyes. Here indeed was a doctor's paradise.

"You can buy all the cart blanks you want," Jane royally said. "Buy anything, any price."

Jane was delighted with the progress of Anita. The girl had acted often in private theatricals, and though she did not know what all this rehearsal and practice might mean, she threw herself into it with ability and enjoyment.

Strange to say, it did not seem to meet with the approval of Queen Jane's white consort, John Lestrange. He was said to be the third or the fourth of her husbands—no one really knew how often she had been married—and he was the only one who had not increased her fortunes, who rather tended to decrease them. On horses from Australia, on champagne from France, on card games with every white rapscallion who ever touched at Sac-Sac, he spent the money of the Queen. He was younger than she, twenty-eight perhaps, good-looking in his dissipated fashion, and a connoisseur—it was whispered—of looks in women, brown, white, and half-caste.

From the beginning it was plain that consort John didn't like Jane's training of Anita—was angry about it, disapproved as strongly as he dared. Loafing about the rooms of the palace with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in the pockets of his China-silk suit, he used to edge up to her whenever he met her, nudge her as a friendly pony nudges for corn, and let out a brief sentence or two.

Always, before he ended, one of the four old women would be on the spot, silent, wrinkled, glassy-eyed and staring; and consort John would shuffle away muttering, "Damn shame! Fine gal. Fine lovable gal. Wouldn't allow it if I was anybody but poor old drunken John. Nobody listens to me!"

AND indeed Anita did not listen to him. Only two subjects of interest occupied her mind just now: For what was Jane training her? Could it possibly be that the childless Queen intended to adopt her as a daughter? And—when was she going to see Steve Kirby again?

She was sick with love of him. Thinking of him day and night, she became gradually thinner; her wrists showed little ivory bones; her firm young breasts grew smaller. Queen Jane seemed concerned at this. She fed the girl on coconut cream and fat chickens and told her to stop running about and wearing the flesh off herself.

Now they were getting up a feast and a dance in Sac-Sac. It was to be tomorrow night; and if she were advanced enough, Anita was to dance the dance that Jane had been teaching her all the week. It was a wonderful dance, graceful but very tiring; the leaps into the air and the rapid footwork needed constant practice.

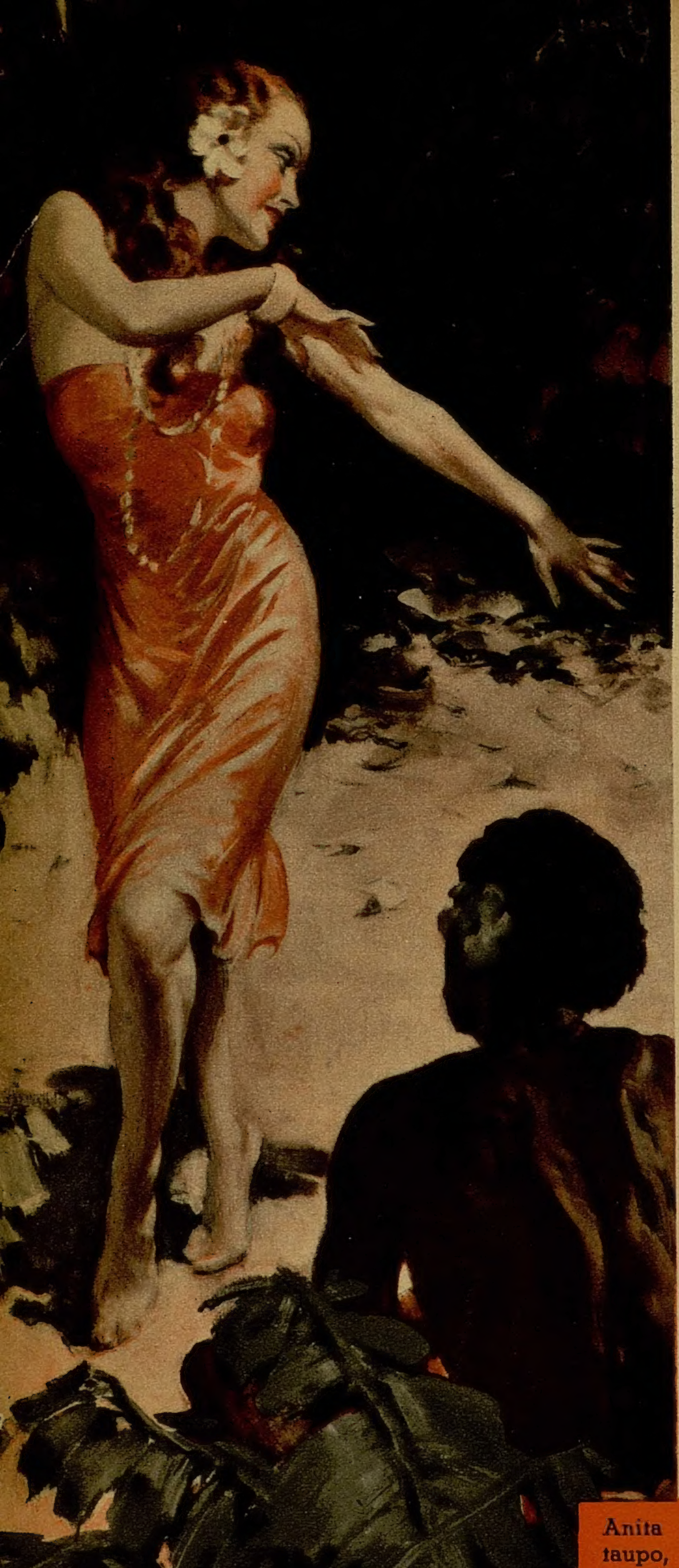
"You should not be tired," the Queen told her reprovingly. "Me, I haven't danced that dance—the taupo dance it is—since I was twelve"—she broke off into a fit of sly inexplicable laughter—"but I can still show it to you and not tire. All the people will be here to see it; and the doctor—my white doctor—is coming over from the quarantine island too."

Her doctor! Anita did not like the phrase. She had heard much gossip during her comparatively short stay in Sac-Sac: how Queen Jane had married two white men, wealthy planters and traders; how, after their deaths, she had picked up her third husband as one picks up a handsome dog or cat, and kept him like a pet in the palace; how she had other lovers—no one knew how many, Jane hid her "affairs" too well.

But perhaps she didn't mean anything. Perhaps she used the phrase "my doctor" merely because the commercial side of her character—and you couldn't ignore that side, dealing with Queen Jane—was well pleased that she should have brought her little colony forward by the addition of a proper medical officer. Anita hoped it might be so. But meantime she understood that she had better keep her secret. If the Queen meant to adopt her, act still more generously than she had done in the past, why, the way to marriage with Steve Kirby would be shortened. Meantime it was certainly fun—though the fun at times was growing a little heavy.

On the next night the dancing ground before the palace was bright with coconut torches.

The men of Sac-Sac, wild half-naked creatures, were dancing madly, drumming, blowing crazy tunes on pipes of bamboo. The feast had begun. Dancing and eating



Anita danced the taupo, utterly unlike the siva-sivas of Samoa or the love dancing of Tahiti.

alternately, the people seemed determined to keep up their pleasures until dawn.

Anita, guarded as usual by her four old women, was waiting, ready dressed for her dance in satin tabard and tunic, with Jane's magnificent gift of pearls swinging round her neck. Kirby, who had come over from his island, was beside her, holding one hand in his and squeezing it secretly, with an eye on the old women. "My God," he said, "you're lovely tonight! My God, I could eat you! Damn those old women! Send them away till I kiss you properly."

"They never go away," said Anita wearily. "Night and day they stay with me."

"They'll have to go one day, one night," said Kirby, burning her with his eyes.

"Sh!" said Anita. "The Queen's calling. I shall have to go and dance."

Kirby never forgot the hour that followed.

Anita had danced beautifully, with incomparable grace, the delicate, dainty measures of the taupo dance, so utterly unlike the siva-sivas of Samoa or the sensuous love dancing of Tahiti, about which Kirby, like most young men, knew a good deal. They danced those dances on Sac-Sac too, or at least a variation; you could see them any evening about the native villages.

Anita had danced, and the people had clapped wildly; and Anita now was sitting among her old women, getting back her breath, while Jane, standing up in the middle of the dancing ground, had begun to make a speech.

She said, in pidgin English and in Sac-Sac tongue, that she was the Queen. She had done very much for Sac-Sac and for New Gaboon. The people gained high prices for their copra, they had tinned meat and tobacco and kerosene in every house, all because of her. Sac-Sac was a good place now—but Samoa, where her mother had been a queen, was better in some things. And now she was going to give them one more good thing from Samoa, the crowning glory of a Samoan court—the taupo. The dedicated virgin of high rank, great beauty, and spotless character, the maid who in Samoa entertained guests, organized dances, and was cherished and admired by all. She had long wanted this, but in Sac-Sac there was a difficulty.

Pausing, she cast a sly glance over the assembly. The Sac-Sac people, she said, with a smile broadening over her countenance, were fine people, warm people, loving people—that was the trouble. They were so warm, so loving, that you couldn't find a Sac-Sac girl, native or half-caste, fit to take the part. But she, Jane, their Queen, had been able to surmount the difficulty.

"I THOUGHT," she said—"I thought: 'I am half white. I understand the white folks' ways. A white taupo I will find, and I will keep.' And I have found one. She has danced before you; you have all seen her. And now she will go to her own house with her women, and live there; and always you will have a maid to give glory to your villages, to be a famous entertainer and the greatest dancer of all, to wear pearls and gold and be honored all over New Gaboon. By this you will be at last in no way inferior to great Samoa. Now clap your taupo—yours—and let her go."

Anita, in the flickering light of the torches, stood like a little statue. She had understood most of what Queen Jane had said. Tricked, tricked! The Queen indeed was adopting her, making her a rich woman. But how!

Kirby's eye, as she caught it, warned her; his finger, slightly lifted, underlined the warning: Keep cool. Don't anger her.

The taupo dance! The old-maid dance, Anita in her angry heart, called it. Rather, had she known, would she have broken into the mad siva-siva, the Tahiti love dance—anything to show that she rebelled, would not agree to the part forced upon her. Well, she would have a word with Steve in spite of hell and high water, in spite of all the old women in the world. She knew where to find him. He was gone now; he would be down on the wharf, the only quiet place this night on Sac-Sac island.

Running hard, she evaded her chaperons and found him.

Kirby wasted no words. "It's damnable!" he said. "She's as dangerous as a death adder if you cross her; and she's got this taupo fancy in her brain. We've got to bolt."

"And leave the money? And your lovely hospital?" Anita breathed, holding tight to his white-drill-clad shoulders as he laced his arms about her, ready, it seemed, to protect her against all the world.

Kirby damned the money and the hospital—the latter

ILLUSTRATED BY

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with a sigh. He seemed inclined to damn most things on that night. "We can get along somehow," he said. "Thank heaven there's a boat calling tomorrow afternoon. Don't take anything with you; don't make any preparations. Just be on the wharf when she whistles, and I'll do the rest. Get back now, my darling, quick."

He kissed her and let her go. And so fast had she run to meet him, so quick had they been with their talk, that the old women were still scrambling along in a cowlike run, looking for her, when she calmly joined them, asking them where they had been and why they had deserted her.

They scolded but she could see they were immensely relieved. And the very depth of that relief, inferring as it did the fear they had of the Queen, sent little shivers through Anita's heart. What would Jane do if she knew? And did she know?

It seemed that she did not. Next day she told Anita that she had better take things easy, rest a while, after the excitement of the dance and feast. Nothing would be asked from her that day save the usual decoration of the taupo house and the palace with flowers and leaves.

"And—oh," the Queen said, turning back as she was going away—"I want you to get some very good corals for your own house. It must look nice—very nice—now. Not the corals you have taken before, those white ones on the beach. Go to the pool below the big black rock. There are wonderful green and blue corals there, and you can reach them easily, you who swim so well. Come back with a good long string of the greens and blues. At high tide you will find them."

THERE were times when the consort John—who usually found much enjoyment in the spending of the high price for which he had sold himself—gave way to fits of melancholy. Mostly they were the natural result of king's peg, that noble imitation of whisky-and-soda, carried out with fine champagne and liqueur brandy, which has been the undoing of so many of the princes of India.

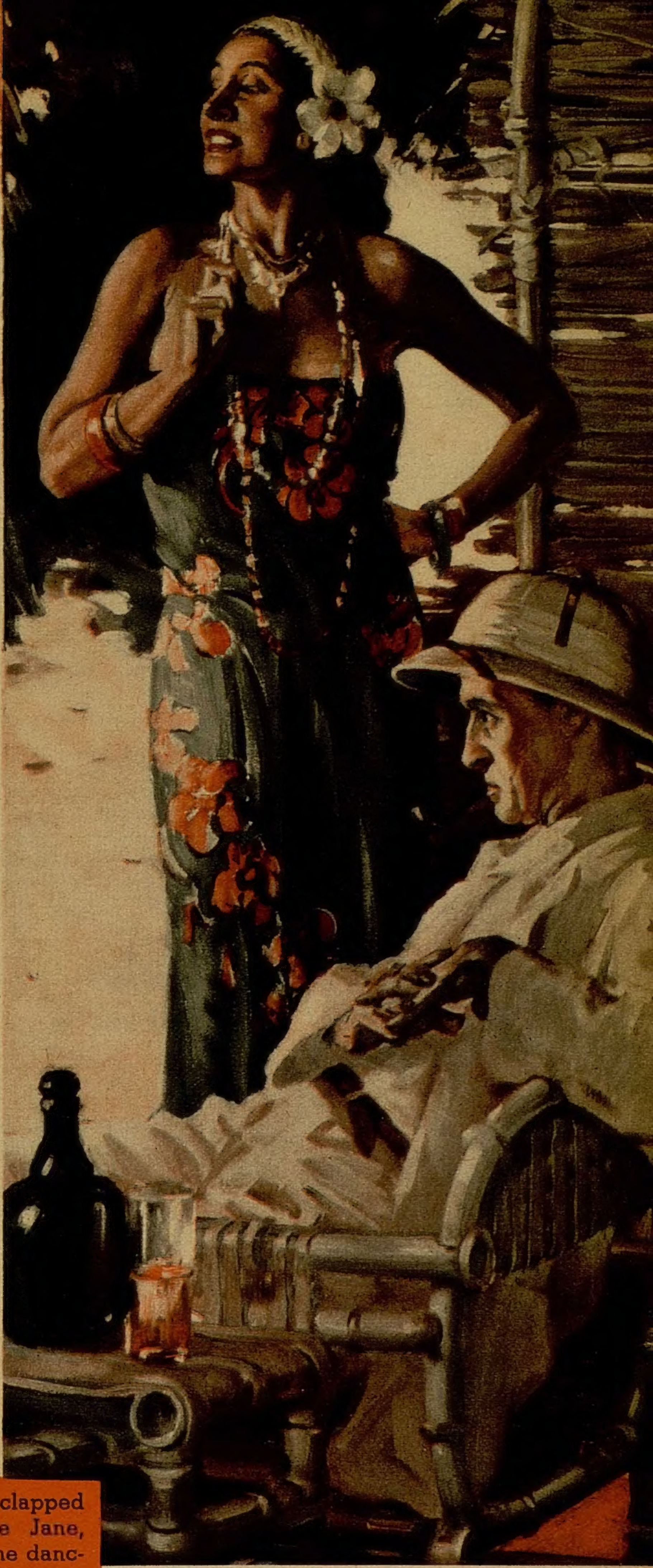
Sometimes they had to do with the sight of his old school tie on a traveling Briton, coupled with the certain knowledge that the Englishman, no matter how gaily he might accept the island hospitality of Jane and of himself, really despised him, wouldn't have known him at home.

Sometimes, again, they were utterly causeless, as far as consort John himself was able to tell. On the morning after the taupo dance and festival he was in the grip of one of these. He felt, as he would have told you, like two yards of chewed string, and he didn't know why. Except that today he disliked Queen Jane—there were days when he loved her, but this was not one—and that he didn't altogether care for the rumors that were flying round about Kirby, the new young doctor. There was no use being jealous of Jane. You might bawl her out—she didn't care. You might knock her down and bash her—and she rather liked it. She would take her own way. And he had begun to suspect that Steve Kirby just now was her way and her intention.

But that was not what worried him, in the main. He was conscious, through all the throbbing of his morning-after headache, of a black cloud that had nothing to do with dancing or with drinks, or with Queen Jane and her lovers. He felt (he tried to phrase it) as if something were going to happen. Something nasty.

Also, he had a heartache as well as a headache. For he remembered that once long ago, in the old days and the old world, he would have had the right to love, to offer himself to a girl like Anita. Jane was brandy, Jane was king's peg; but even king's peg might pall. This girl was spring water with a sparkle in it.

And Jane, with the cunning of the Samoan added to the keen brain of the white, that had made her a power in the western Pacific, had managed things so that Anita was going to remain spring water all her life—so that she should be separated from the man on whom the Queen was already casting an eye, but after such fashion that no one could say she, Jane, had meant it to be. Spring water. Yes. But the sparkle would go out of it; yes, but it would lie in its shell basin untouched, no man bending his lips to it, there to quench his thirst.



The people clapped wildly, while Jane, standing in the dancing ground, had begun to make a speech.

MARSHALL FRANZ

Shell basin! Consort John sprang to his feet, staring in front of him at the green-gold palms, the white-gold sunstruck shore, as if he had seen a ghost.

Shell basin! Island springs were led into and through such basins, the marble-pure, marble-smooth valves, three and four feet long, of the giant clam that was so common about the reefs of Sac-Sac. What had made him think of them just now? What was making his heart thump under his silk pajama jacket, as if it were about to burst its way out, when he pictured those great shells? He was half drunk still. He couldn't properly think. Couldn't remember what it was that he had heard Jane saying to Anita last night—what she had been telling the girl.

John had spent years in the islands before he met with Jane. He had lived the life of the islanders; knew their ways; knew much that other white men did not know. A fragment of that knowledge came back to him now, made him suddenly toss off his heavy silken clothing and, girded only with an island *pariu,* leap for the beach.

Kirby was there, just coming out of the lagoon, where he had been enjoying an early swim. Tide and wind were high. Upon the outer reef the noise of giant combers bursting, thundering down, was like a bombardment. Even within the enclosed lagoon, long leaf-green rollers tumbled and broke into shell-white foam. Shell! Shell! The word came again, as a poisonous fly returns to attack. It goaded John into action, sent him running down the beach.

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for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

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And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Kirby joined him. "What the devil's the matter with you, man?" he shouted. "Anything up?"

John nodded. He was not talkative, when sober, with white men; and he was as nearly as possible sober now.

"What's to pay? Where's Anita?"

Through the triumphant roaring of the waves, John shouted, "Black rock."

"What's the matter with the black rock?"

"Nothing. Nothing, I hope!"

The black rock stood ahead, a quarter mile away—the only rock on that coral shore that was not blinding white. It marked, as it had always marked, the beginning of the deep lagoon. Under its base were pools, dark emerald, filled with flowering coral and with weeds and fish—fish bright as sapphires, silver and gold and cardinal.

You could bathe in these pools (though somehow no one did); you could drown in them; and certainly, if you were seeking for beautiful things from the sea, there was no better place to look.

Nevertheless John seemed shaken with terror—urged the not unwilling Kirby to run and run. The breakers were thundering so loud that it was difficult to hear anything. But Kirby, shouting hard, kept assuring John, as they ran, that Anita was all right. She was only gathering corals for the Queen.

"Live corals?" yelled John.

"Yes. They're dashed pretty things."

John shouted, "Fool of a tourist! Don't you know—they stink—when you take 'em out? They're no use, and she—she can't get at 'em anyway." He yelled louder, "Can she?"

Kirby shouted, "She can swim—dive—like a fish."

They were both fairly winded now, and the worst of it was that Kirby didn't know why he was running. He only knew that this fellow John, this good-looking drunken chap whom every one despised, was scared about something or other, and that it was connected with Anita.

A moment more and they had rounded a bend that brought them into full view of the black rock and the pools. The tide was high; a sheet of tumbling foam lay between the rock and the spumy thunder, the lifting combers of the reef. Into the pools small waves were washing. They saw Anita, standing on the brink of the biggest pool, winding a Samoan *pariu* round the beautiful bareness of her white body. It was plain that she meant to dive in.

John, gasping for breath, stopped and tried to shout to her. Kirby added his shout to John's. The wind and the thunder of the reef drank up their cries as sand drinks rain.

They ran again, with pumping lungs, staring ahead as they went and uselessly shouting. Before they gained the rock, Anita, with the blue *pariu* wound about her breast and loins, had dived into the water.

At this the two men made a final spurt, and—a thing that caused Kirby to grind his teeth when he thought about it afterward—John won. Shouting one word that struck Kirby like a stone, he flung himself into the pool.

Kirby was after him in a moment, John's last cry ringing in his ears: "Tridacna!" The dreaded giant clam of the South Seas; the shellfish that could close on a man's arm or leg and dismember him, or hold him down till the tide came up and drowned him. Tide was full; shells would be open, shellfish seeking their food.

Through the stinging glare of the green water, swimming painfully underneath, he could see a white body with a blue scarf wound about it. He could see, a little farther down in the deep, something marvelous, incomprehensible, a splendor of peacock greens and blues—yards of it—softly moving, sending rainbow rays of dazzling iridescence out into the sunlit water.

He didn't know what it was. His knowledge of the terrible clam of the South Seas stopped at the shape of its shells as you saw them in churches, used for fonts, or on the island of Sac-Sac making fountain basins. He had never heard that the clam fascinates its fishy victims by the display of its wonderful "mantle," and, when it has lured them into its embraces, clangs home the gate of its marble valves and stays thus closed till the captive is digested.

He saw nothing but Anita, Anita, curiously and suddenly kicked away by John, and he snatched at her leg with the last remains of his strength and brought her to the surface, dragging her head—under and half drowned—to the verge of the pool.

She struggled up, choking, spitting. "What—whatever—" she was angrily beginning. Then her jaw fell and she stared at the surface of the water.

John had not come up. And in the depths where the tridacna mantles, blue and green and opal colored, had showed their glory just a minute before, there was nothing visible now but a clouding mask of red.

Things happened so quickly after that, that Kirby found it hard later on to remember them in order. He didn't know how long Anita had been twining herself about him like an eel—telling him not to venture, not to go in; something had happened, she didn't know what, but he wasn't to go—before two native Sac-Sac men waved him back.

They dived, and for a long time—nearly a minute, it must have been—he could see dark shapes that wavered in the water, hear faint sounds of hacking as they wrought fiercely at the hinges of those cruel valves. Once they came up for air, gulped, and went down.

The second time they rose bearing John, consort John, drunken despised John; John without one foot, dead, but haloed forever with the glory of one who has made the final sacrifice. He wouldn't be despised any more, this John; he wouldn't writhe with humiliation, Jane's bought husband, when the ships and the strangers came to New Gaboon. He wouldn't grow old and useless, sit gray and naked some day in a corner of the palace, grumbling and chewing betel nut and wishing he could die. John had skipped all that; gone to the end gloriously in one moment, as if the fiery chariot of the Bible had suddenly swept down from heaven to earth to take him away.

It came upon Kirby (for he was a thinking man) that John was not to be pitied. John, for all one knew, was better off than himself. Who knew what sorrows, agonies, might lie before him and Anita in the coming fifty years? All to go, all to go yet. . . .

"There's smoke on the horizon," said Kirby. "The boat will be early, but none too soon. We're bolting, my darling, and may it be to the Queen's distaste!"

It mattered little to Anita. She was safe in the arms of her lover. Tomorrow would take care of itself. Queens might commit treachery, consorts might die, the world might crash in thunder; nothing mattered but the feel of Steve Kirby's arms about her and the taste of his wet salt kisses on her mouth.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?** by Horace McCoy. Simon & Schuster.

The title is misleading, for it is not a comic story but a tragedy! The boy, a rather fine person who can find in a beautiful sunset peace for an aching body, balm for a starved soul, is badly miscast. He enters a marathon dance with a girl, a disgruntled morbid girl who begs him to kill her. In a tragic moment he obeys.

★ ★ ★ **THE PURITAN STRAIN** by Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart.

A deep love comes to a woman in middle age and breaks up a marriage of twenty years' standing. What it does to her, her husband, and son told competently and honestly.

★ ★ ½ **MR. PINKERTON GROWS A BEARD** by David Frome. Farrar & Rinehart.

A well told and exciting yarn which the reader will be apt to sit up late to finish. Characters well drawn and the whole work distinctly above the ordinary run of detective fiction.

★ ★ **"HONOUR COME BACK . . ."** by Naomi Jacob. The Macmillan Company.

An oversensitive boy lives through war and madness to find courage, peace, and an unusual solution to his life problem.

NEW TIRE PROTECTS AGAINST BLOW-OUTS LIKE THIS

The toughest spot I have ever been in was when I had that Blow-out

says GEORGE RAFT

now starring in Walter Wanger's

"Every Night at Eight"

RELEASED BY PARAMOUNT

"I'm used to playing rough and tumble parts in the movies," says George Raft, "and I'll admit that I've had some mighty close shaves. But the toughest spot I have ever been in was when I had that treacherous blow-out. Believe me, from now on I have Golden Ply blow-out protection on my cars."

YOU Need This Life-Saving Goodrich Tire!

IF YOU need tires now—if you are going to need them any time during the next few months—*don't take chances.* Go to a Goodrich dealer and equip your car with a set of Silvertowns—the only tires in the world with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. That's the amazing new Goodrich invention that resists *heat* generated inside the tire by today's high speeds and thus gives you real protection against these treacherous blow-outs.

No extra cost

From no other tire can you get so *much* safety and mileage for so *little* money. Even if Silvertowns cost more, the life-saving protection of the Golden Ply would alone be worth a price premium. But when you're buying tires remember this—*Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.* Play safe. See your Goodrich dealer before it's too late.

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RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS
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FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 577, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

The NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

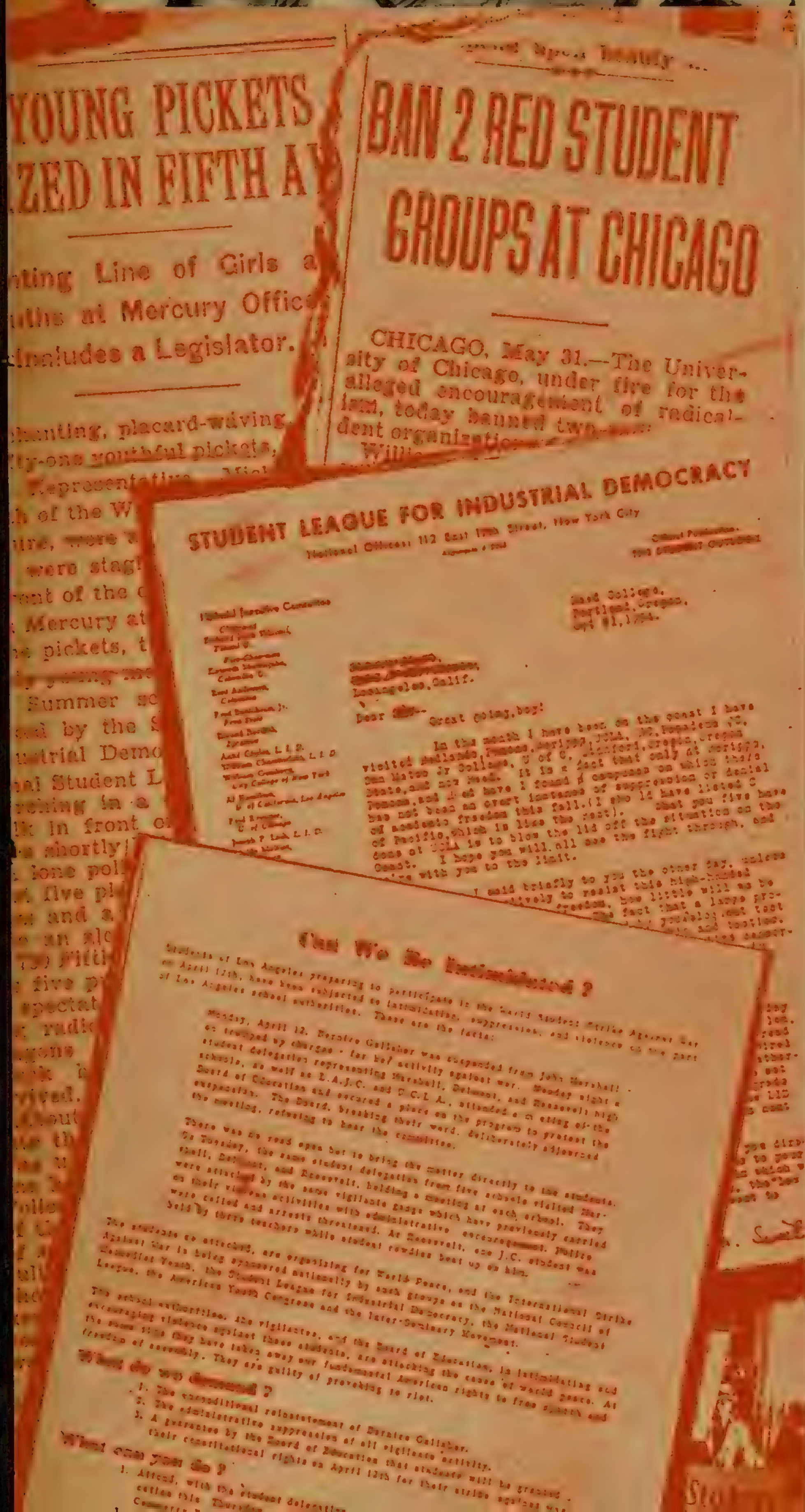
WILL THE
GET OUR

One Father's Story

A Startling Record, From the Depths of a Profound Dismay, of How the Red Web of Moscow Is Entangling Today's Daughters

by J. G. SHAW

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



YOUNG PICKETS
ZED IN FIFTH AV

nting Line of Girls a
uths at Mercury Offic
includes a Legislator.

chanting, placard-waving,
ty-one youthful pickets,

BAN 2 RED STUDENT GROUPS AT CHICAGO

CHICAGO, May 31.—The University of Chicago, under fire for the alleged encouragement of radicalism, today banned two student organizations

STUDENT LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

National Offices: 112 East 19th Street, New York City

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear —— Great going, boy!

Can We Be Intimidated?

Students of Los Angeles preparing to participate in the ... on April 12th, have been subjected to intimidation ... of Los Angeles school authorities.

What do we demand?

What can you do?

I USED to say the same thing you do: " Oh, that daughter of mine is in no danger! She has too many brains, too much moral strength. She isn't the type."

We all think that. I was blindly confident of it. I laughed at the newspaper stories, at the thought of any such peril to her. She was not the type.

And then it hit. It hit her. It hit me. I went to work, found out how it was done, and I'm going to tell.

I see by the papers that druggist Walgreen of Chicago is suing a university for turning his daughter into a Communist. He has the wrong bull by the tail, and I can prove it. The colleges are not to blame. I know nothing about your son and how it affects him; some one else may tell that. But I do know all about your daughter.

Three months ago I used to laugh at all the talk about Red penetration in the colleges. My answer was prompt: " It's all hooey. I was a Socialist at eighteen; most of us were. It wore off."

" You don't realize the truth," a newspaper publisher said to me. " This isn't propaganda but damnation! You have three kids in college, so look out."

His earnestness amused me. Well, I know better now. So will you one of these days. Damnation? That's the exact word for it. The man responsible for much of it is Joseph P. Lash, the national secretary of the Student League for Industrial Democracy—the " SLID," as it is known among the elect.

When my eyes were opened to the condition of my daughter, to the fact that she was spending half her nights away from college in squalid roosts in the lowest section of town, that she was even away for whole days at a time, I blamed myself. She fooled the college easily enough, but I should have been on the watch.

This case, I thought, might be exceptional. It was not. I learned the bitterest and most amazing lesson of my life. Other fathers turned over to me letters, documents. I met many of the agitators concerned.

My daughter spent one vacation at a Student League conference, with my consent. The Y.W.C.A. and the Epworth League were behind it, said she, and some Methodist ministers. (This was true.) She was all right, I knew. Healthy, happy, with a definite career ahead, her own car, and money in the bank, and making good at a state institution of the highest scholastic merit.

COMMUNISTS GIRLS IN COLLEGE?

STRIKE
ONLY
INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALISM
CAN PUT
WAR
YOUNG
COMMUNIST
LEAGUE

"Reds" in Chicago University staged an antiwar strike. The parade irked R.O.T.C. members. Fists and eggs flew.

Within two months I found these things swept away—all of them. She had become a Communist, had joined the party. Her name figured in the papers as a radical leader. She had not a shred of religion left; her career was forgotten; her duty to school or home was a joke. She jeered at the United States; had taken the oath to obey the Communist Party; and proposed to join a young gentleman with a Russian name who was "working" an Eastern college. Free love? Of course. What would you expect?

Right there I stepped into the picture. She was only seventeen, and there are such things as laws, despite Joe Lash and his friends.

As many parents know, a girl at seventeen or thereabouts is in a critical mental condition. It is the age of revolt, of misunderstanding.

Johnson confided in me. A wealthy respectable business man, he is prominent in his community.

"I'm whipped," he said. "Can't fight it. Annie wasn't that kind of a girl. This thing is killing her mother, and it's got me licked."

"Liberal principles don't hurt any one," I said.

"Liberal hell! Annie's no child; she's eighteen. She met a bunch of foreigners who are not in college, and took to running around with them."

"Same way in my case," I told him. "She isn't mixed up with men?"

"I wish to God she were! It's worse. She has a mission to remake the world. Student strikes, student speeches, giving her money to the cause—which means overturning the government from soup to nuts."

"You cut off her allowance?"

"It made no difference. Her friends would find her a job, she said. Here, I want you to read this letter. A copy of one she sent to a fellow named Lash."

> Before I got your letters with their advice and help in radical training, I used to be interested in poetry and music and things. I used to think I would make a real musician some day, and dream of silly success. But that changed when I began to read revolutionary books. I began to attend meetings and lectures. As you suggested, I've learned about the working-class movement by direct contact. Poetry has given place to radical theory and economics. I've no more time for music. I'm working twelve hours a day at contacts with the radical groups here, and if I can make it, I'll be at your summer school and learn just how agitating should be done.

These young radicals went to Cuba, and Cuba deported them. In the center is "Celeste," U.C.L.A. student.

That's what she had written to Lash. Poor child!

I ran down an agent born under the honest old name of Cyril Gerbervitch. For practical purposes he de-Russianizes it at times.

Cyril is young, impassioned, and a devil with the ladies. On a recent swing around the United States, organizing radical activities at various colleges, he operated chiefly on funds supplied by his girl friends. His own account of how he outsmarted the University of Michigan lies before me; also some of his canceled checks, supplied by the father of the girl who issued them.

His home town is indefinite. One of his letters expresses alarm in regard to police activities and gives his address in care of a lady of Russian name in an Ohio town. He made the mistake of forging the name of a girl victim to gasoline warrants, having borrowed her car for a lengthy jaunt. Which is just too bad for Cyril. Forgery is still a crime.

In Los Angeles the police anti-Red squad possesses the names of thirty leaders of "contact groups," most of them frankly Communistic college-student organizations. Most of these names are very obviously Russian. One contact secretary is the local operative and agent for upward of a dozen different groups. She is a charming person, a college graduate, and having met her I can vouch for her intelligence. She is very active and talks frankly.

"If we can get hold of the right type of girl and keep her from joining any sorority," she said brightly, "we're then able to bring the proper influences to bear upon her and get her interested. You can't do that with a sorority girl. You can't get her interested in the proletariat or class consciousness."

When does your daughter decide upon a sorority, fond parents? In her first year at college. Otherwise, when she is approximately seventeen years of age.

Now let's look at Morgan, who is a novelist of some acclaim. Domestic difficulties left him in California with two children placed in his custody by the courts. He practically lives for those kids.

"Saw in the papers about my girl, did you? Yes, she's the fall guy for this cursed SLID," he said. "She got in with a radical crowd; how, I don't know. She's serious, earnest, was working at a journalism course and was an editor of her university newspaper."

"Her radical friends aren't in the university?"

"No. In the city. After she'd been lost a couple of nights, I looked up the lousy outfit, had a couple of cops handy, and you should see the gang! She wants to quit school and take a garment-worker's job."

"All other ambitions lost, eh?"

"Sure. Now, get this," he said impressively. "I've pointed out to Sally that her mother may haul *me* up before the courts for turning her daughter into a radical and so forth. And what did she say?"

"That the Cause must come first," I suggested.

"Sure. She cried her heart out—and stuck to her guns. She says some one must stand up for their ideals."

"Yes," I agreed. "My own daughter quotes Strachey at me: 'The final choice lies between moral and intellectual suicide and Communism.' Her brain's warped."

"Precisely," Morgan said. "They all long to be martyrs at seventeen. Sally was the head of her class in all studies; now she's flunked out. She and twelve other students hitchhiked four hundred miles to Sacramento and addressed the legislature on some damned liberal bill."

"Well, the SLID isn't Communist," I said slyly.

"The hell it's not!" he exploded. "Here's a letter from Lash, the secretary. Talking about his rival, the National Student League, which is frankly Communist, he says: 'There could be no closer co-operation than there was between us. We do act together and act effectively, as the student strike and our opposition to the Nunan bill demonstrated.' This gang gets six thousand bucks a year from the League for Industrial Democracy for its work among students!"

He might have added: And the gang is banned at the University of Chicago as being definitely Communist.

George Williams, a SLID organizer, went to Arkansas. "I defy anybody to come to Arkansas now and stay uninvolved in the revolution," he writes. "We marched 400 of those miners close to twenty miles around the muddy Arkansas roads, pulling the relief projects . . . and so successfully that the FERA shut every project." Proud work! Pitching into any strike or labor situation that needs their aid, as Mr. Lash proclaims, is among the jobs of these students. And how the CCC is hated for taking the boys off the Communistic roads and putting them to useful work in uniform!

THE SLID pulls a pretty heavy anti-Communist smoke screen and works from behind a religious cover. The National Council of Methodist Youth, for example, is solidly behind the SLID. When Mr. Lash in one letter quoted their president to this effect, I doubted. It proved quite true, however. Time for May 27 carried an account of the anticapitalism of the Methodists in the United States.

And on the Los Angeles police list of "contact" leaders, the Epworth League boys figure along with the Filipino Communist Association and the Zion Masada.

Here, all over the country, is a spider web that reaches from the outside into the campus dormitories. Your daughter, if inclined to become interested, is expertly handled. So are you. One SLID leader wrote me, respectfully desiring the attendance of my daughter at their agitator-training quarters, and solemnly averred that this would cure her of Communist leanings!

On pages 15 and 16 of the Handbook for Young Communists, a secret booklet issued by the Young Communist League and reprinted for anti-Communist work by the United States Chamber of Commerce, we read: "Only through militant struggle can we prevent the introduction of Fascism. The Young Communist League drill and defense squads have been formed to help fight this menace. . . . We consider it very important to work among students." And how, in actual practice, is this work carried on? Here is a letter from a lady student worker to a new recruit at the University of California at Los Angeles:

> I don't know whether any one has explained to you the function of the Y.C.L. or not. The Y.C.L. is a training school for the Communist Party. In it any one can learn to be a Communist by education and by taking part in direct action, such as the student strike. Your own function as a new member is to keep the face of the party hidden. In other words, you are not supposed to proclaim that you are a Communist but only to present your ideas, which will always follow the party line. The latest decision from the National Executive Committee is that we are to enter bourgeois organizations and radicalize them.

A LETTER from Monroe Sweetland, one of Lash's chief organizers of the alleged "student strike," closes with: "My best to Celeste and Burnside." Celeste is a girl student at U.C.L.A. who has vehemently led radical activities there, and a bright star in the Young Communist League. Writing to one of her neophytes, she makes an amazing revelation. I quote one passage as indicative of the whole thing, which may be had on application to Liberty:

> We are just at the threshold of the period of "baptism of fire" and we will all have to meet it. . . . Just because we must be very clear that the workers do lead the revolution, we must be careful always to distinguish ourselves from them. We are petty bourgeois, and we shall undoubtedly always retain certain characteristics and even failings of that class.

Once my daughter had been weaned from her Communist activities, she made some astonishing confessions.

"The college president," she said, "seemed astonished when I denied sympathizing with Communists. But that's part of the training. A lie? Oh, that's a harsh word for it. You know about the penalties and rules and so forth of the Y.C.L. Well, we're supposed to admit nothing about being a Communist. We couldn't do our work effectively if it were known."

When I proposed that she go to a certain far-removed university for her next year, that she might keep her pledge to me to abstain from further activities, she shook her head.

"It wouldn't be a bit of use, really. I'd be taken in by the bunch there and put to work; I just couldn't help it. They'd know I was at the university in a week's time. Every college all over the country has workers in it."

"Haven't you enough will power to leave them alone?"

"It isn't that. I'd be afraid to. I'd be dumped—beaten up. Not once, but all the time."

She was in actual physical fear, and she had reason. I discussed with her the "peace strike" which forms the chief outward activity of Lash's student gang.

"That's just to stir up trouble at the state universities," she observed. "If we cared about peace strikes, they could be pulled off at all kinds of colleges, but we don't care anything about that except at the government institutions. It means something to have riots and trouble at a state college, you see. It's really getting in a good lick at the government."

I moved my daughter from one college to another. The system of contacts had her hooked up within two days.

Now listen to two men speak. One is Lash, who poses as a Socialist: "What I hope and pray for is that there will be a disintegration in the sharp lines that separate the Socialist and Communist movements. . . . I think the summer school will give you a perspective that you cannot get anywhere else. . . . I am sure the experience is something that will influence your whole life."

The other man speaking is Bernarr Macfadden: "There is a chance for serious strikes to become ominous in size and strength. Right in the midst there is usually a Communist leader ready to do everything possible to promote lawlessness and disorder. Wherever there are labor troubles these agitators encourage violence. They want trouble—turbulent outbreak if possible. All this attracts public attention and brings sympathizers, and they expect the number of such supporters to grow like a rolling snowball."*

In our state colleges and in the towns around them are shrewd gentry who have their eyes on your daughter. You can't afford to laugh at them—as I did. As Johnson did. As Morgan did, and a thousand other fathers who see their daughters put on the road to hell—too late.

THE END

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* Adapted from Liberty editorial of May 18.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Are the so-called flying foxes really foxes?

2—What is the difference between the table of contents and the index of a book?

3—What great musical conductor married the daughter of a man who had served as Secretary of State under two Presidents?

4—Is Josephine Ford the name of a famous actress, airplane, authoress, or artist?

5—Is it proper to speak of *an* insignia?

6—What is another name for the British Empire?

7—What famous comedian said "Matrimony is not a word but a sentence"?

8—Is a ghost writer a writer of ghost stories, a student of demonology, or an authority on spiritualism?

9—How long did it take for a copy of President Lincoln's first inaugural address to reach California in 1861?

10—What is the difference between an alligator and a ligator?

11—Is a ship's log a part of the masts, rigging, or hull?

12—Is a clutch of eggs a box, a basket, or a bag of eggs?

13—Is a steelyard a yardstick made of steel, a place where steel is stored, or a junk yard?

14—What name is shared in common by a measure, a fish, and a support?

15—What two devices—one for heating, the other for cooling—have the same name?

16—Who was the first American cardinal?

17—Which of the following words is misspelled: facetious, misallience, diligence, intelligence?

18—What three English words of three letters, spelled differently but pronounced the same, refer to a person, an animal, and a tree?

19—How many radio receiving sets are in use in the United States?

20—What is the difference in meaning of biannually and biennially?

(Answers will be found on page 34)

Ellsworth Vines Jr

"OLIVE OIL— you can't beat it for soothing an irritated skin!" Jack C. Harris

TRAINER OF ELLSWORTH VINES, WORLD'S PROFESSIONAL TENNIS CHAMPION

SHAVERS! BANISH FACE-IRRITATION!

Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil!

DUST, wind and sun on the tennis court is sure hard on a man's skin. But—shaving every day . . . that's worse!

For this very reason . . . to prevent after-shave irritation . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil! And thousands of trainers and athletes say with Jack Harris, "You can't beat Olive Oil for soothing irritated skin!"

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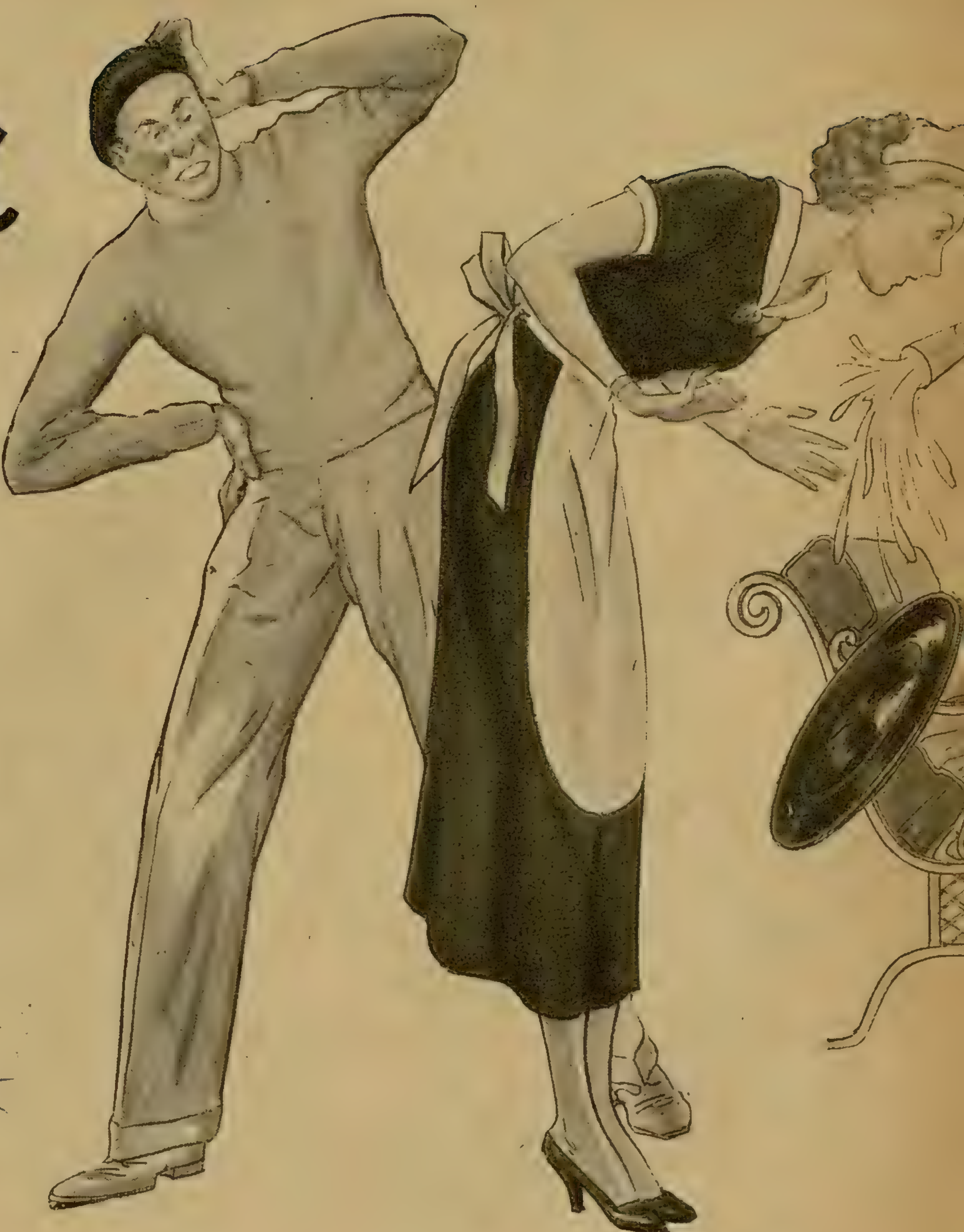
ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

Orphan Child

A Lively Tale of Love and Trouble and the Ways of One Small Star in That Merry, Mad Paradise Called Hollywood



by

DALTON TRUMBO

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

AT the entrance to Stage C, Jimmy Rhodes, corn-haired juvenile recently of the Dubuque Little Theater Group, discovered the haggard assistant director for whom he had been lying in wait all morning. Assuming an air of insouciance totally out of keeping with his deep inner gloom, Jimmy touched the haggard one's sleeve with a practiced combination of familiarity and deference.

"'Morning, Bill," he said affably. "What's on the board for me in the near future?"

Bill Gertz turned wearily, muttering unpleasant things about contract players who cling to studio passes after they are fired.

"Not a thing," he declared flatly. "Besides, I'm practically wild. Leave me alone, won't you, Jimmy?"

"But I thought you said Thursday—"

"I was wrong." The assistant director grasped Jimmy's lapels imploringly. "Listen, Jimmy. Listen carefully. I have troubles. I am trying to think." He ended on a near falsetto, after the manner of all assistant directors on the first morning of a new production schedule. "Will you please get the hell out of here?"

A genial smile broke over Jimmy's face. "Why, sure, Bill," he soothed. "I'll go. By the way, what's breaking on Stage C today?"

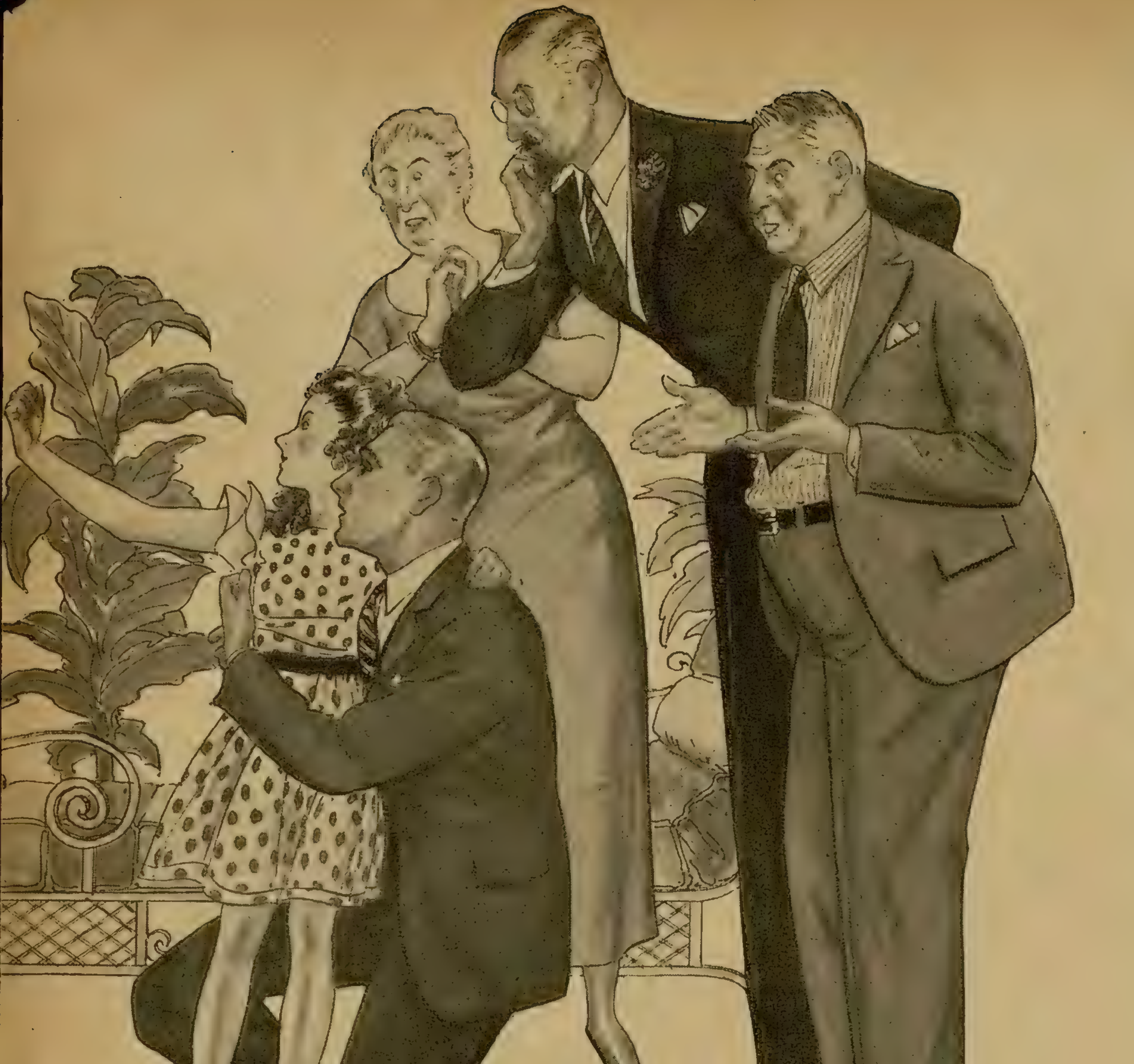
"Fritzy Kelly's starting Orphan Child—if I can ever get this mob of madmen together. Now where in the devil—there you go, Jimmy Rhodes! Asking me questions—getting me upset! If you don't get away I'll—"

Jimmy didn't remain to hear the completed threat. His first impulse was to plant his fist in the center of Bill Gertz's distorted face. But his anger was drowned by a second and more powerful emotion. He turned precipitately in order that the assistant director might not see the tears that had sprung up to his eyes. Blinking the salt film into his lashes, humiliated and embittered and enraged, Jimmy Rhodes walked rapidly toward the studio commissary.

As he went he lamented once more the fate which had bestowed upon him an uncontrollable set of lachrymal glands. For Jimmy Rhodes was a crier. That, in a way, had been the secret of his success with the Dubuque Little Theater Group. Directors of the D. L. T. G.—as the organization was familiarly called by its members only—had never been obliged to point out to him the cue lines for tears: Jimmy had always been able to sense them.

But his penchant for weeping, unfortunately, extended beyond the realm of pretense. He could cry bitterly at any movie. Every crisis in his public and private life had been similarly accompanied by a hearty though involuntary cry. And now he knew, even as his chest swelled with rage, that only retreat could save him from sobbing like a schoolgirl on Bill Gertz's shoulder.

He dabbed furtively at his eyes to dry them more quickly. He had, he decided, suffered the final blow. He would be insulted no more by Bill Gertz. If Supertone, Inc., didn't appreciate its protégé from the Dubuque



Fritzy doubled up her fist and knocked the glass from Lorette's hand. The glass crashed against the flooring.

Little Theater Group, then Supertone, Inc., could go to the devil.

He felt that his grievance against Supertone, Inc., was not entirely imaginary. The studio had snatched him from stardom with the D. L. T. G., brought him to Hollywood on a six-week contract at a hundred and fifty a week, introduced him to the press, dined him at the Brown Derby and the Vendome, and now it was finished with him. It had paid him nine hundred dollars plus one-way traveling expenses to walk diagonally across a single set. There his screen career had begun and there it had ended. For three months he had haunted the lot trying to explain to some one—any one—that he hadn't been given an opportunity to demonstrate his genius. But now he was definitely and completely through. He meant to turn in his studio pass as he departed today, and nevermore to set foot inside the Supertone lot. He wondered what Lorette would think of his decision.

His thoughts were centered caressingly upon Lorette when a fearsome shriek brought him back to reality:

"*Jimmy!*"

He turned to see the most expensive child in America running toward him across the inhumanly smooth lawn which separated the dressing rooms from the sidewalk. Fritzy Kelly was fourteen, but so tiny that her fans, deceived by the wizardry of oversize furniture and inspired make-up, believed the Supertone publicity lads when they swore she was only eight. She lived in a palace on a hilltop, entirely surrounded by relatives and servants. She collected three thousand dollars each week from the studio, and was worth every dime of it.

Jimmy felt sorry for her. It wounded his honest Iowa conscience to see her exploited at a world première when he knew she ought to be home and in bed. It outraged his natural affection for children to behold her heckled and threatened and flattered by studio bosses and her vast family. He had played many a furtive game of beach ball with her at Malibu, and Fritzy adored him for it. Now she was clinging to his arm.

"What's the trouble, Fritzy?"

She gazed up at him soberly. Her black hair and brown eyes already gave some hint of the voluptuous beauty not far in the offing. She was extremely serious.

"Jimmy," she announced, "I have a very important question to ask you."

He knelt so that his eyes were level with hers.

"All right, Miss Kelly," he grinned. "Shoot!"

"Well," she finally managed, "it's about what you told me at Malibu that afternoon. You said you loved me. Remember?"

Jimmy didn't remember, but he nodded gravely.

"I just wanted to make sure," she gritted miserably. "Do you really, Jimmy, love me?"

He picked her up and tossed her into the air.

"Of course I love you, Fritzy! What makes you ask?"

She was squirming for freedom. "Put me down, Jimmy!" came her shrill command. "People mustn't see us doing this—here." Back on the ground, she stared at him with round-eyed solemnity. "There is such a thing as discretion, my dear."

He gazed at her in astonishment. "But what's the matter, Fritzy, old girl?"

Fritzy looked pained.

"Please don't call me that, Jimmy," she pleaded. "Not—not after this. Nothing's the matter. Only I'm growing up and nobody believes it. I'm very busy, you know. I—I can't be distracted by doubt. We're starting Orphan Child this afternoon. I have lovely lines. Would you care to—to kiss me before I go?"

"I am honored, Miss Kelly."

He bent gravely and implanted a kiss full upon her lips. She flashed a glance of intense longing over his straight six-foot figure. Then she turned reluctantly.

"Good-by, Jimmy. I'll be seeing you!"

He nodded, paused a moment to watch her dignified progress across the lawn, and then continued resolutely until he reached the commissary. Wrapping his legs around the rung of a stool, he lost himself in the menu. He had twenty-seven cents, from which he proposed to extract the utmost in food value.

A voice broke in upon his reverie: "And we have Mr.

Barrymore—of the Dubuque branch. Can I help you?"

He gazed upward at the dazzling blonde charm of Lorette Loring, whom he loved devotedly. He had, upon several occasions, proposed to her. Each time, however, Lorette had cooled his passionate and somewhat tearful avowals with objections centering upon their brief acquaintance and his uncertain future. It was, she declared, a trying job at best to be the wife of an actor. If, after his career had flowered, he had demonstrated an ability to resist the wiles of those leading ladies and ladies in general who find it good sport to pursue handsome juveniles, she would take his proposal of marriage under more serious consideration. But, for the present, she insisted upon a platonic relationship.

"Did you come here to eat or just to sulk?" persisted Lorette. "In a word, can I serve you?"

"You can," he said dully. "A date this evening. By Ford to Santa Monica. The hills. The sea. The lights. Romance."

She squinted appraisingly at him. "Too much fervor," she said finally. "But the best offer today. Now that the soul's provided for, what of the body?"

"Hot roast-beef sandwich. No coffee."

"Gertz was in here this morning sobering up," said Lorette.

"I saw him." Jimmy looked across the counter with sudden intensity. "Lorette, I'm sunk. I'm all finished and wrapped up and on the way back. I wanted to marry you, and you wouldn't have me, and I'm going back to Dubuque where I belong."

"Forget it," commanded Lorette gently. "We'll talk about it tonight. White or whole wheat on the sand?"

"I don't care."

She brought him rye, which he detested and which she knew he detested. He devoured it, parted with all but two cents of his wealth, and strode from the dining room. Outside, his attention was diverted by a series of bloodcurdling howls which seemed to emanate from the row of star bungalows. An awe-stricken little group hovered about the front stoop of the Kelly stronghold. Joining them, Jimmy confronted a disheveled and apoplectic Bill Gertz.

"Is she dying?" inquired Jimmy, aghast at the uproar within.

"You ought to know," gritted the assistant director with terrible scorn.

The door of the bungalow burst open. For one hideous moment the shrieks mounted. The door closed, and Mama Kelly, robust and belligerent, faced them on the stoop. Her enormous bosom heaved and there were traces of tears in her bulbous eyes. She caught Jimmy Rhodes in a baleful glare.

"WHAT have you done to my baby?" she screamed at him. "You little worm! You gigolo! You nasty little—" She turned abruptly to Bill Gertz. "Come in here, you!"

She seized Bill Gertz by the collar after the fashion of a goshawk sinking its talons into a dove. The door opened, the lamentations increased once more, and Mama Kelly vanished with the distracted assistant director in her clutches.

Twirling his ear in profound bewilderment, Jimmy Rhodes walked slowly from the porch. He went straight to the gate, where he turned over his pass with elaborate instructions concerning the disposal Mr. Alex Fadden, Supertone's president, might make of it.

At two o'clock that afternoon, while he was in the midst of packing that portion of his wardrobe which had escaped the pawnshops, Jimmy's wall telephone jangled piercingly. Bill Gertz's voice filtered through to his ears, a thin staccato of despair:

"Listen, Jimmy. This is important. . . . Jump into your hack and come over to the lot as fast as the Lord will let you. Meet me in Fritzy's bungalow. . . . I don't care *what* you're doing! Come along, and for gossakes hurry!"

It required exactly twenty-eight minutes for Jimmy to shave, unpack his good suit, don it, and drive his car—in imminent danger of repossession—to the Supertone lot. There he opened the door of Fritzy's living room to face an abject, terrified group. Fritzy's mother and father were there, along with two of Fritzy's aunts. Mr. Alex Fadden was there. Mr. Theodore von Storm, the greatest box-office director in the business, was there. Bill Gertz was there. And on a sofa across the room lay the object of their attention, supine and lifeless under the ministration of a doctor and two nurses. At the sight of Jimmy, the patient raised herself by the simple expedient of grasping the physician's Vandyke, and ran to meet him. They collided in the middle of the room.

"Sweetheart!" she screeched. "They've been trying to keep us apart!"

He dropped to his knees and she buried her sobs in his shoulder. Mama Kelly advanced purposefully from the group huddled about Mr. Fadden.

"This has been going on since ten o'clock this morning!" she roared. "Tell this child you don't love her! Tell her quick. She's wearing herself out."

Jimmy Rhodes didn't fully comprehend, but he nestled the small tornado of distress closer to him.

"Why, Fritzy," he soothed, "I didn't mean I *love* you. I meant that I think you're a fine little girl. That's it. Now don't cry any more. Please!"

"A fine chiseler!" snorted Mama Kelly. "Working on the affections of a poor little child!"

But Fritzy had broken into fresh grief.

"YOU *do* love me, Jimmy!" she wailed. "You *said* you did. You're just trying to be n-n-noble. You're renouncing me for my own good, just like Guy Fenton did to Maybelle Morelle in The Fatal Secret. I won't have you b-b-being noble, Jimmy! Because I l-l-love you!" The declaration ended on an inharmonious crescendo.

At this moment the door opened to admit Lorette Loring, as lovely a sight as ever appeared in a waitress's costume, which in Hollywood means a great deal. She carried a tray upon which rested a tall glass of milk ordered by the physician as a soothing aid. She paused in momentary surprise at the sight of Jimmy fondling the *enfant terrible* of Supertone. Then, at a signal from the physician, she advanced with the tray. As she bent to administer the potion, Fritzy made the most vigorous protest possible. She doubled up her fist and knocked the glass from Lorette's hand. The glass crashed against the tile flooring. Lorette arose, milk streaming from her face and throat. She restrained an obvious gesture of reprisal, and then declared in firm, ringing tones:

"You are a brat! You are a spoiled little brat!"

Fritzy stared at Jimmy as though expecting him to avenge the incredible blasphemy she had heard. When she perceived he had no such intention, she broke into even greater howls of despair than before. Lorette glared at the child and then at Jimmy, challenging him to administer the spanking she felt to be in order. Then, with a smile of quiet scorn, she stooped to the floor and started gathering the shattered fragments of glass.

This was the unfortunate moment that Mr. Alex Fadden chose to clear his throat authoritatively and say:

"She has been holding up production almost a full day now, demanding a part for you in Orphan Child. I need not tell you, Rhodes, that blackmail won't work on the Supertone lot. Over at Nationwide you might get away with it. But not here. Merit only. We're not sinking a quarter of a million in this picture to be bulldozed by a cheap actor. Understand?"

Jimmy Rhodes suddenly understood. He understood that because he had befriended a lonely child he was being accused of blackmail. He understood that the entire incident had placed him in a very unprepossessing light before Lorette Loring. Beyond that, he understood that he was no longer beholden to Supertone, Inc., nor to Mr. Alex Fadden, its president, nor to any of its minions or agents. He didn't have to accept insults. Moreover, he felt that in another moment, unless he adopted drastic measures, he would be weeping.

Abandoning Fritzy, he took one step to his right and smashed Mr. Fadden full on the chin. Mr. Fadden, with a surprised gurgle, sagged backward into the arms of Mr. Theodore von Storm. The physician *tch-tched* and rushed to the stricken executive. The rest stood transfixed.

"That'll be enough—all of you!" Jimmy stormed. "I've been treating this child like a human being instead of a wooden doll, and she likes me for it. I can't help that. You're a bunch of vultures, the whole rotten pack of you. Rushing her around for personal appearances, making her recite pieces and do impersonations—when all the time she's pining just to be a normal kid. I wouldn't take a part in your picture for all the money you owe your bank, Mr. Fadden! Get that?"

Mr. Fadden, now somewhat revived, blinked sickly. Jimmy decided to brave Mama Kelly.

"And a fine mother *you* are!" he snorted. "You're a soulless old crow, that's what! Robbing her of her childhood—hounding her—feeding on her—teaching her *French!*" This last offense, to Jimmy, was the worst abomination of them all. "Now, if you'll let me take Fritzy down to the beach this afternoon, maybe I can bring her out of this. But after that —I'm through!"

Jimmy turned once more to Fritzy, who clambered proudly back into his arms. Mr. Fadden's slowly returning self-esteem demanded some sacrifice for the indignities it had suffered. Lorette, making for the door with her tray of broken glass, was the first to attract his attention.

"You!" he gasped, pointing in her direction. "You! You're fired! Get out—forever!" The last word was accompanied by a Napoleonic gesture.

Lorette permitted herself one full glance at Jimmy Rhodes before she swept, unrepentant, from the room.

FRITZY was not to be swerved from her purpose by trivialties.

"I won't have anybody but Jimmy play my brother!" she shrieked.

"But, Fritzy," said Jimmy softly, nuzzling her cheek, "they don't want me. You'll have to take any second-rater they have. Second-raters, in fact, are all they have. You and I will go to the beach and have fun. Then tomorrow you can start the picture feeling fine. Right?"

It was not right.

"I don't care who they want!" raved Fritzy. "I want you. I'm the best bet in pictures. Mama told me so. Fadden is a big-nosed baboon, too! Mama said he was!" Mama Kelly gave a faint shriek and collapsed into a chair. But her offspring was not to be silenced by mere dramatics. "Look at my clippings! Look at my fan mail! Yes, and look at my gross receipts! It's what *I* want that counts in this picture." She squirmed in Jimmy's arms to glare at Mr. Fadden. "Sign Jimmy up right now or there'll never be any Orphan Child—never, never, *never!*"

Mr. Fadden glanced nervously at the great von Storm. That gentleman shook his head and stared forlornly at Bill Gertz. Bill Gertz gazed tragically at Jimmy Rhodes and muttered "Judas—Judas!" under his breath. Mr. Fadden patted his chin tenderly with a pocket handkerchief.

"We'll have to borrow Sally Tait

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from Nationwide, void Fritzy's contract, and start all over again," he declared incisively, keeping a level eye on Mama Kelly.

Sally Tait was Fritzy's only rival—a delicate blonde, younger than Fritzy and coming along fast.

Mama Kelly wrung her hands. "Fritzy!" she wailed. "You hear that? Oh, my God! Oh, my God, my God!"

Fritzy jeered from the citadel of Jimmy's arms. "Let him sign the little old plug. They'll throw rocks at her. Go ahead and sign her. She—she smells!"

Fritzy was, to a degree at least, correct in her diagnosis. Sally Tait simply was not for Orphan Child. There ensued another round of hopeless glances.

"Perhaps the best way out is to sign him," suggested Mr. Fadden.

"He is a ham," pronounced von Storm dispassionately. "There is no acting in him. Only meat and bone."

Fritzy screamed piercingly, and everybody jumped. Mr. Fadden, who prided himself on quick decisions, cleared his throat.

"Rhodes," he said, "I'll pay you two fifty a week for this picture. Twenty-one days' shooting time."

Jimmy shook his head resolutely. "I told you—"

But Fritzy cut him short.

"Two fifty!" she echoed scornfully. "That's robbery, Mr. Fadden, and you know it! Besides, you said Jimmy was a cheap actor, and I won't work with cheap actors. Six hundred, Mr. Fadden. Six hundred!" She began to catch her breath. Her sobs came more violently.

"Four hundred," conceded Mr. Fadden. "You hear that, Rhodes? Not a penny more."

"I'm going to faint," threatened Fritzy, stiffening suddenly. "I'm sure of it! I'll never be able to finish this picture. I—I'll die!"

"Five hundred!" snapped Mr. Fadden.

Fritzy's body went limp in Jimmy's arms. An unearthly rattle issued from her throat. "Six hundred!" she moaned.

"Six hundred!" Mr. Fadden's agonized snarl of surrender was scarcely audible.

Jimmy Rhodes walked over to the sofa, placed the trembling Fritzy upon it, and bent over her anxiously. Her eyelids fluttered open.

"How did I play *that* scene?" she whispered. A faint smile hovered over her lips, and then she fell into what passed for slumber.

"Take her home," von Storm was saying to Mama Kelly. "We start shooting in the morning."

JIMMY RHODES brought the car to a stop within two feet of the Palisades. He took a deep breath, surveyed the pale electric crescent of Santa Monica Bay, and said: "Well, here we are."

Lorette's silence indicated that she considered this remark unworthy of reply.

"I—I wanted to talk about this afternoon," persisted Jimmy.

"I can think of pleasanter things," she countered.

"I mean—I wanted to talk about you—and me. What I mean is—well, what are you going to do now that you've no job?"

"I'm working on the affections of Freddie Jefferson," she said. "They tell me something like that helps."

Freddie Jefferson was a child actor currently hailed by Supertone as a future star.

"That isn't fair," he remonstrated. "You must think I had that show planned this afternoon. Can't you believe me, Lorette, when I say I was just as surprised as anybody else?"

"Of course," agreed Lorette, but without conviction. "It did tinge of cradle-snatching, though."

"Well," said Jimmy stubbornly, "if I like kids, I can't help it. And if you don't believe me, I can't help that either. But if you wanted to do something about it, you could—well, do a little cradle-filling on your own hook."

Lorette turned toward him savagely. "You mean you think I'm hinting—" she began.

DALTON TRUMBO *was born in Colorado and attended universities in that state and California. His shortest job was as a section hand—one day; his longest, a bakery estimator—eight years. He is now doing movie work on the Coast. His stories have appeared in a number of leading magazines.*

"I mean," declared Jimmy with sudden spirit, "that I'm through playing around. I mean that I have six hundred dollars advance in my pocket, and twelve hundred more coming up. I mean that I'm going to turn this car around right now and drive to Nevada, where they don't have any silly three-day marriage rules. I mean that I'm going to be back in Hollywood in time for work tomorrow morning. And when we get back you're going to be Mrs. Rhodes, housewife, instead of Miss Loring, unemployed. And if you don't like that you can—well, you can climb out and walk home!"

Lorette stared at him in astonishment. "Don't you think success has gone just a little to your head?" she ventured acidly.

He reached across her and opened the door. For a moment she made no move. Then she closed the door.

"It's a long way home—and you win, Dubuque," she said softly. "And please, Mr. Rhodes, don't hit me as hard as you hit Fadden when I say I've been waiting three whole months for you to do this!"

Jimmy Rhodes accomplished the difficult feat of kissing a girl and starting an automobile simultaneously. Lorette nestled contentedly against his shoulder. Santa Monica and Sawtelle and Hollywood and finally Los Angeles slipped behind them. They had just darted through the desert town of Mojave when Jimmy said:

"I'VE been thinking about something, Lorette."

"What?"

"Can we keep it—well—sort of a secret until we figure out some nice way to tell Fritzy? I had a crush once when I was eleven, and I never forgot it. And besides, we kind of owe her something."

"That's the sweetest thing you've ever said, Jimmy Rhodes," she declared. "We'll keep it secret as long as you want." A little pause. "At least until—"

"Oh, yes," he agreed quickly. "We'll figure out a way long before that." . . .

It was the pleasure of the great von Storm to shoot the climax of a picture on the first day—a custom which caused him to be dreaded by every star on the Supertone lot. Starting at the high point, he insisted, pitched the whole production; the rest was only incidental.

Thus Jimmy Rhodes and Fritzy Kelly came to Stage C the next morning prepared for the great reunion scene. Jimmy, as the older brother, was to sit in the reception room of an orphanage waiting for Fritzy, whom he had never seen. When she burst in upon him and leaped into his arms, he was to mutter, "Little sis! Sweet little sis!" until some one told him to stop.

Bill Gertz walked over to Jimmy authoritatively.

"Von Storm says for you to do as little as possible. Let Fritzy carry the scene. He doesn't want you to go Dubuque on him. Understand?"

Jimmy understood.

"Then sit in your chair and wait."

Jimmy sat in his chair and waited. The confusion of the vast building diminished somewhat as Fritzy entered with a retinue as impressive as that of any champion heavyweight. Most prominent in the cortege were the Kellys, mama and papa, and von Storm. They huddled in a group to the left of the cameras while von Storm prepared Fritzy for the big scene.

"It's this way, Fritzy," he declared. "Your poppa has been killed. Just hold that thought. Your poor poppa killed by a gang shooter, with blood coming out of his stummick. Poor poppa. Poor, poor poppa!" Von Storm under stress dropped his Teutonic accent.

Fritzy gazed earnestly at Papa Kelly but betrayed no emotion. The stage was in deathly silence. Every man was alert for the command to shoot.

"It's your momma, then," compromised von Storm—"your poor sweet momma, who has worked her dear fingers to the bone for you. Your sweet little momma, run over by a ten-ton truck. Squashed. No! No!" The artist in him revolted at so simple a tale. "It was a railroad train that hit her. Like this—*smash!*" He kicked a chair and brought his hands smartly together. "Dead! No more momma— Are you listening to me, Fritzy? I'm telling you that your momma has been run over by a train. Caught in the propeller of a wind machine. Cut all to pieces, with blood splashing. God, how awful! You see it?"

Although Fritzy regarded von Storm thoughtfully, it was clear that she didn't see it. She worked her face hopefully. She squinted her eyes. But not a tear rewarded these honest efforts. Besides, he had told her that one about the wind machine for A Child Shall Lead Them—and it was hardly credible in any event, for the machines operated behind meshed wire.

"He's been telling you," said Mama Kelly resentfully, "that I'm dead. Me—your momma who loves you—dead! Can't you get no reaction out of that? Look at your poor momma!" Mamma Kelly sniffed in a sudden rush of self-pity. A wash of tears covered her huge eyeballs.

Fritzy eyed her intently and screwed her face into horrid shapes. But still no tears. Not even moisture.

Sheer inspiration descended upon von Storm. He pointed to Jimmy sitting in his chair, clad in overalls, with his blond hair waving bravely.

"Look!" he hissed. "There is Jimmy over there, sitting just as if he was very healthy. But he isn't. He really isn't. Any minute he may topple over. He has a very bad disease, Fritzy. You don't realize it, but he has. Just a few days more, the doctors say. Maybe not enough time to finish this picture, even. And then—snap! He'll be gone. Gone to he—gone to heaven. So young—so handsome—but in a few days he'll be cold and very very quiet."

The tears came. They gushed.

"Oh, no!" wailed Fritzy. "It isn't the truth! It isn't—is it, Jimmy?"

"Hurry!" commanded von Storm. "Remember your lines, Fritzy!"

He gave her a vigorous push. She flew into Jimmy's arms. The scene was on. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she moaned, burying her face in his shoulder, her hair in his kisses, clinging to him with all the desperation of despair.

Jimmy felt her wet cheek against his. "Little sis!" he muttered. "Little sis! Sweet little sis!"

IN the midst of this, the thing Jimmy greatly feared came upon him. He broke down. He couldn't endure the sound of Fritzy's sobs. He was disturbed about himself, about von Storm, about the Kellys, mama and papa. And most of all he was disturbed about Fritzy. His shoulders trembled. His first sobs changed to audible blubbers. Huge tears dropped from his blue eyes to the bridge of his nose and thence into Fritzy's hair. And Fritzy, beholding her idol thus affected, redoubled her sorrow.

Von Storm stared in amazement. The cameras ground on. Mamma Kelly snuffled openly. "My wonderful baby!" she exulted. Von Storm nudged her viciously. For a full nine minutes the scene continued. Only when Fritzy's moans had diminished to long, shuddering sobs, and Jimmy had sought refuge for his tear-stained face in the mass of her hair, did von Storm call a halt.

Jimmy carried the limp child to a couch, where Mama Kelly pounced upon her triumphantly. He turned to face von Storm, who gawped at him as at one risen from the dead. Jimmy blushed furiously. Von Storm, after casting an aspersion on his own ancestry, reverently ordered Jimmy to his dressing room.

They wouldn't do any more shooting until three in the afternoon. . . .

The first rushes of Orphan Child were exhibited that night in projection room six. Von Storm had assembled a distinguished company for the occasion. Mr. Alex Fadden, nervous and excited, puffed furiously at his cigar. Three Supertone directors, two world-shaking novelists, a noted psychiatrist, a numerologist in whom von Storm placed great faith, a gentleman of the press, and Bill Gertz completed the assemblage. They sat in the darkened little room while the reunion of Jimmy Rhodes and Fritzy Kelly was unwound before them from five

Keep it under your hat

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different angles. It was stupendous! It was the most heartbreaking footage ever shot on the Supertone lot.

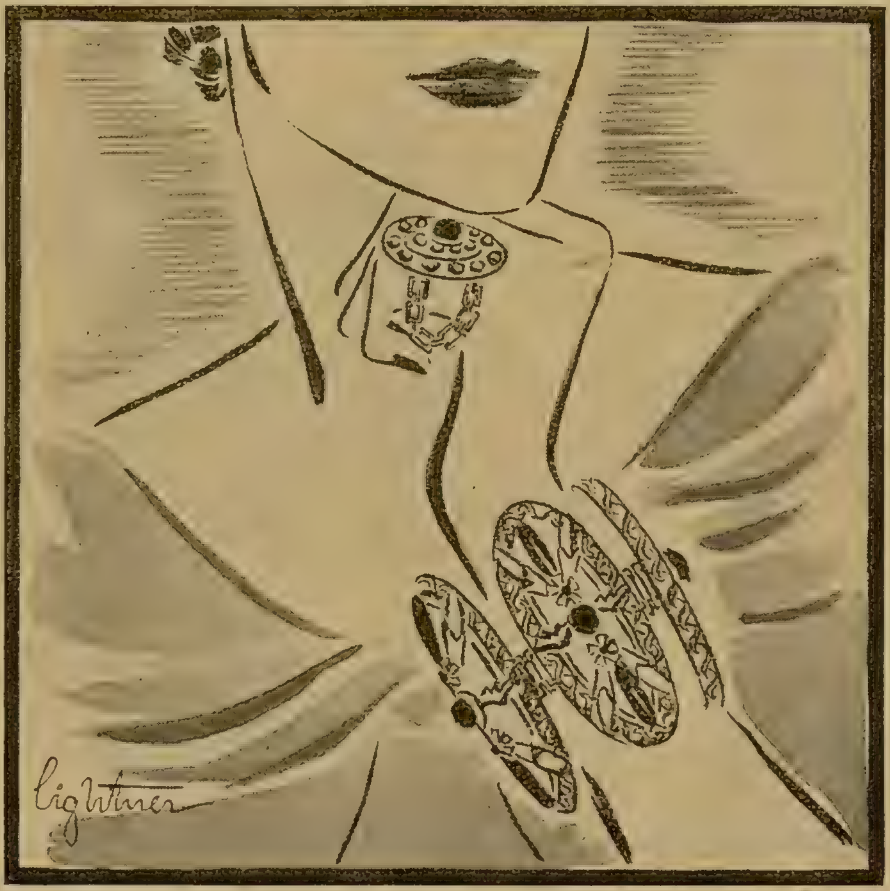
A little period of silence settled over the room as the last foot slipped from the screen and the lights snapped on. Mr. Alex Fadden shattered it.

“My God!” he croaked. “It is—wonderful!” Frankly he doffed his glasses and jabbed his eyes. His voice cracked ridiculously. “It is”—he lapsed into the jargon of his publicity department—“it is the supreme achievement of the ages! Where is he?”

The others were trying to compose themselves after the harrowing ordeal. Nobody paid any attention to Mr. Fadden.

“Where is he?” shrieked Mr. Fadden. “Where is he, I'm asking you?”

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS



The last word in jewelry is a bracelet that looks as if it were part of the spoils of the Roman conquest—antique finish and all. With them are sometimes worn thick carved rings apparently heavy enough to act as chains or defense weapons, but actually made of gilded cork. So large are they that in an emergency they might even double as baby life preservers.

DORAMILLER.

“Where is who?” queried Bill Gertz precisely.

“Rhodes! Who else, you idiot?”

“Home in bed, I suppose,” came the chaste answer.

“That scene,” rumbled von Storm's mournful voice, “is so good I don't know where to cut it. I didn't know I had it in me!”

For the first time in his life, Mr. Fadden glared at his ace director with open contempt.

“You!” he snorted. “That was natural crying. Wasn't it, professor?” He turned to the great psychiatrist, who was paid an enormous salary to answer such questions.

“If I ever saw natural crying, that was it,” agreed the authority.

Mr. Fadden launched upon a soliloquy. “A man who can cry!” he exulted. “And God, how he can cry! Never before in pictures has there been such a discovery. Greater than Charley Ray. Greater than them all!”

He grew suddenly stern. He wheeled to face his assembled employees. “Not a word of this to Rhodes,” he commanded. “Not a word! Send him to my office in the morning.”

He blew his nose violently, winced as his descending hand scraped his wounded chin, glared at his chastened companions, and stalked from the room. . . .

Orphan Child was a notable picture in many ways. It was finished four days ahead of schedule, slashing nearly fifty thousand dollars from its production budget. An advance press preview, followed by a lavish banquet and quantities of liquor, elicited such gushing reviews for Supertone, Inc., that Mr. Fadden was enabled not only to extend his notes at the bank but to increase his obligations by a cool million and a half. And, almost as important, a stupefying screen personality in the semblance of Jimmy Rhodes from Dubuque rocketed to stardom.

There was but one doleful aspect to an otherwise brilliant affair. Fritzy Kelly had played her last role as a child star. The chatter writers and studio critics detected a new note in her work—a warmth and maturity, charming in itself, but utterly impracticable for a child special. Simplicity had given way to demureness; grace had replaced awkwardness; adolescent femininity had overcome the sexlessness of childhood. Supertone, Inc., renewed her expiring contract at a greatly diminished figure. It was announced that immediately after the première of Orphan Child she would leave for a personal-appearance tour, to be followed by three or four years' stage training, after which every one agreed she would return to the screen as a vivid and matured dramatic actress.

“That will make it much easier,” Jimmy told Lorette. “After she leaves for her tour she'll be seeing new people and new scenes and she'll forget all about me. In a couple of weeks or so I can write her a letter to tell her that I was lonesome without her, and found you. I think maybe she would like that.”

And so it was agreed upon.

Orphan Child had its world première at the Oriental Theater. The last ermine coat in Los Angeles was rented and the immortals flocked down Hollywood Boulevard in imperial style. Since it was Jimmy Rhodes's first picture, he didn't find it difficult to slip into a rear seat by the aisle without being recognized. There, with Lorette's hand tightly clasped in his own, he watched for the first time the intricate ritual of a cinematic first night.

A capering master of ceremonies voiced the regret of the management that Jimmy Rhodes, new Supertone find, had been prevented by a slight illness from making a personal appearance. Perhaps his absence from the stage would be compensated for by a few words from that dean of directors, Mr. Theodore von Storm. Von Storm plodded from the wings, muttered harsh Teutonic nothings to his public, and plodded back.

“And now,” enthused the m. c., “for the treat of the evening—petite little Miss Fritzy Kelly, who has played her last role as a child actress and begins tonight a personal-appearance tour which will undoubtedly bring her back to Hollywood as ravishing a young lady as she has been a child.” (Applause.)

Jimmy Rhodes felt the tears stealing out to blur his vision, and fought them back sternly. Fritzy sang; Fritzy danced; Fritzy did impersonations. The salvos of applause which pursued her as she retired into the wings for the last time were hailed by columnists as the most thunderous in Hollywood history. They were still echoing through the house as Nell Haffern, the chatter writer, was introduced. Nell was fat and homely, but since her gossip was always spicy and usually authentic, the uproar subsided as her nasal voice floated through the theater.

“A scoop!” she screamed, gesturing with both hands for attention. "Positively the biggest scoop of the evening! I have it from very reliable sources that Jimmy Rhodes, whose work I know you are going to be just cuhrazy about, was secretly married three weeks ago to—get this!—to Lorette Loring, waitress in the Supertone commissary! If you are in the house tonight, Jimmy Rhodes, please come to the stage and let us all congratulate you—and bring the little bundle of good news with you! If Jimmy Rhodes is in the house will he please come—"

In the obscurity of his aisle seat Jimmy Rhodes winced as though some one had lashed out across his face. His hand grasped Lorette's in a bone-crushing squeeze. He was thinking of Fritzy backstage on the night of her greatest triumph—on what might easily be her last night in pictures. He closed his eyes and cursed Nell Haffern and seemed to see the face of a wide-eyed child pale with sudden pain.

"Let's get out of here, honey," he whispered hoarsely to Lorette. "We've got to go to Fritzy's house and face her—tonight."

Nobody noticed them as they slipped through a side exit. An hour later they were driving up the winding road which terminated at the Kelly estate. The hilltop was silent and deserted, but lights blazed from every room of its crowning Moorish castle. They drew into the drive and Jimmy shut off the ignition. The silence was so profound that the slamming of the car door as they debouched sounded like a revolver shot. A butler answered the door, and placed them in the exact center of a vast drawing room.

They sat in funereal silence for three minutes. Then Fritzy appeared. She paused in studied surprise as she regarded her guests. Her timing was perfect. A hand went to her breast in a little gesture of bewilderment. Then she seemed to recognize them. She wore a scarlet dress which destroyed the last traces of angular girlhood. Her face was white. Her eyes were wide with inner tragedy.

"I AM leaving in the morning," she said icily. "I presume you have called to say good-by."

Jimmy was horribly embarrassed. "Why, sure, Fritzy," he gulped. "It won't be the same with—"

She raised a hand imperiously. "You have traded on my name," she declared throatily. "You have risen to great heights by my favor. You have everything—wealth, power, fame—all because of me. I had thought we might have this last hour together. But you have brought this—this *woman* with you."

Lorette flushed and Jimmy gasped. "But, Fritzy—"

"Hush!" She accompanied the command with an appropriate gesture. "It was not enough for you to desert me. No! You must humiliate me by bringing *her* into my home. Flaunting a conquest before my eyes. There is—there is—o-o-o-o-o-oh!"

She covered her small face. Jimmy swung her into his arms. Suddenly he remembered the origin of this scene. Maybelle Morelle had uttered those precise words in The Fatal Secret. He remembered the response of Guy Fenton, her ancient lover. Fritzy's eyes swam in tears as he began to read the lines:

"Sweetheart! I am too old for you. There have been women in my life—many women. But never"—his voice sank to a reverent whisper—"never one such as you! For me—life has finished. For you—it only begins. Some one else will come. Some one young with the youth you deserve. Some one gay and strong and gentle. For him—though it breaks my heart—I step aside!"

He pressed her lips tenderly. A swift change rippled over her face. Her hand trailed tenderly through his hair. A faint challenge twinkled in her eyes. "Jimmy," she whispered, "is it really—our ages?"

He nodded. She slipped gravely from his arms and went to Lorette. Jimmy, watching her through rapidly forming tears, knew he was in the presence of an actress.

"You must forgive us, Mrs. Rhodes," she said with sly patronage. "In other times your husband and I were—how shall I say it?—very friendly."

She nodded mockingly and swept out of the room.

THE END

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Mr. Rogers Reaches New Height
the Process Server Appears in a
and a Mild Bag of Tricks Takes

by BEVERLY

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Anne Shirley, Irvin S. Cobb, Eugene Pallette, John McGuire, Berton Churchill, Francis Ford, Stepin Fetchit, Roger Imhof, Raymond Hatton, and others. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Ben Lucien Burman.

THE prolific Will Rogers is turning out pictures in such rapid succession that it's no small trick keeping up with them. This does not mean that there has been any lapse in the quality, for Steamboat Round the Bend, his latest offering, is quite likely the best picture he has ever made. For that matter, it is one of the most enjoyable pictures any one has made this season.

Directed by John Ford, who gave us The Informer, this gorgeously photographed tale of river boats and river people fairly bubbles over with entertainment. While it is true that the frame of this one is built in the same old Rogers pattern, Steamboat Round the Bend is so beautifully played by the entire cast, so charmingly authentic in its lush settings, and so rich in colorful bits that the basic plot does not greatly matter.

The story, for those who must know it, has Rogers as a wandering patent-medicine salesman whose ambition is to skipper a boat. Finally saving enough money, Rogers is ready to launch the new venture when his nephew, who was to help him, murders a man. From there on the ex-medicine salesman's energies are spent trying to save his nephew from the hangman's noose.

How he goes about this—winning a steamboat race and taking care of his nephew's girl at the same time—gives Steamboat Round the Bend its reason for being. But long after you have forgotten the carbon-copy plot you'll be chuckling over the film. For it is filled with the stuff of life and its rich blend of comedy and pathos is a cinema feast.

The film abounds in rich characterizations. Anne Shirley and John McGuire are touchingly sincere as the young lovers. Irvin S. Cobb does a professionally smooth piece as the rival captain. And the whole supporting cast—especially Berton Churchill, a sonorous revivalist; Eugene Pallette, the lazy jailer; Francis Ford, a drunken stoker; and an uncredited plumpling who plays the piano at the wedding—are a delight in celluloid teamwork.

Rogers himself has never given a surer performance.

VITAL STATISTICS: With this his last release Winfield Sheehan, William Fox prodigy who eventually dethroned and succeeded his master, takes $360,000 coming on a contract and bows out of Fox Film headmanship. He will be succeeded by Darryl (Mitey) Zanuck, who for a mere $5,000 a week plus a self-voted odd million a year or so, will attempt to restore Fox to the upper brackets of Art again. . . . Steamboat Round the Bend ran as mag serial, radio material, and comfortably selling novel before they began kicking it around the Hollywood story departments. John Ford read it and asked to film it with Will the Rogers and Irvin Cobb. As soon as purchased, three other studios wanted it, thus enabling author Ben Lucien Burman to cash in on originals just as good. . . . Burman is Kentucky bo'n, always wanted to biograph the doings of his beloved Father of Waters, but had to write river stories for five years before making a sale. Now he can't supply the demand. . . . Those two arch-friends and banterers de luxe, Cobb and Rogers, team for first time in history as rival steamboat captains, each steamboat being named after its cap's home taown. Cobb also acted as technical adviser to Ford, his greatest delight being to correct Rogers on proper steamboat decorum, such as which side to expectorate over, where to find sea legs, and how to wind anchor watches. . . . On this trip Rogers met his first vodvil pardner, Buck McKee, with whom he trouped for five years and who now has a riding academy in Roseville, California, and whom he hadn't seen in seventeen years. . . . Anne Shirley is ex-Dawn O'Day, her real name's Dawn Paris, and I still don't know what to believe. . . . Stepin Fetchit is back with his beloved Rogers after missing last three. While he won't admit it, wasn't too pleased with Bill Robinson's stealing his thunder in In Old Kentucky. . . . John McGuire is a graduate of Santa Clara U., one of the Coast brain emporia that breed juveniles and fullbacks. Crashed Hollywood with seventeen cents in cash and as many millions in ambition. Refused to play Westerns, waiting for a break to neck heroines instead of hosses. P.S. He made good. . . . John Ford was practically born with a megaphone in his mouth, starting using it at nineteen. Is a Sheehan white-haired boy but will hold his head up in any religion. Is intensely superstitious, widely read, an authority on Ireland.

Anne Shirley and Will Rogers in the

★ ★ WE'RE IN THE MONEY

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Ross Alexander, Hobart Cavanaugh, Phil Regan, Anita Kerry. Directed by Raymond Enright. Story by George R. Bilson.

WE'RE IN THE MONEY is a bustling triviality that spends a great deal of energy showing that even process servers have their private emotional lives.

All of a sudden the cinema has discovered that these cogs in the legal machinery have faces, hearts, and bodies. Now moviegoers may be in for a cycle of films exploiting the trials and misfortunes of subpoena slingers.

In this comedy Glenda Farrell and buxom Joan Blondell, the cutup kids of Warner Bros.' stock company, are seen as a couple of sure-fire process servers who never miss their man. But Miss Blondell, in love with a young millionaire (Ross Alexander) whom she believes to be a chauffeur, develops a guilty conscience over her unpleasant profession and decides to quit it once and for all.

However, her boss, Hugh Herbert, persuades her to handle one final case. When the recipient of her last subpoena turns out to be Alexander, their blossoming romance hits a snag and We're in the Money, full of willy-nilly motorboat chasing and wild rides, picks up its pace.

Ross Alexander is pleasantly effective in a light-comedy role, while the Misses Farrell and Blondell, under the nutty guidance of Hugh Herbert, bang around as usual.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joan Blondell become a blonde at fifteen. Dipped her head in a bucket of peroxide prepared by her maw to lighten Joan's unruly overfast-growing eyebrows. Has been blonde ever since, the public never having seen her natural chestnut. Crowds annoy her. Is afraid of feathers. When a child, out of bounds for her was marked by a feather duster. A good swimmer—she has medals to prove it—but yet hated to be dunked the three times script called for. . . . Glenda Farrell was born in a storm cellar during a tornado in Enid, Oklahoma, thus probably accounting for everything. With exception of occasional pauses for education, not taken too seriously, she was brought up in a theatrical trunk. Has a cockeyed Siamese cat that is wearing eyeglasses to correct its vizsh. After all these years is unengaged from Bob Riskin, scenarist. . . . F. Hugh Herbert, who screenplayed this, is no relation to Hugh Herbert, who dead-panned it. A social comic writer, he married his sektry on the M-G-M lot during lunch hour; has a child; is English. . . . Droll-puss Hugh Herbert carries that pan around in public where he is something of a social menace, what with parlor tricks and Lambs Club anecdotes told in the tavern manner. Was born within Winchell earshot of Times Square

SUAL, COMIC

n a Romance of the River; Pair of Not-So-Important Pictures, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy to India

HILLS

last picture he ever made.

and started his comicality as a boy by eating unpeeled bananas, skin and all. Answers all his home matrimonial problems with a whistle, having developed special whistles to answer to situations: has one for when wife asks for new fur coat; when she asks him how he liked her biscuits; why he came home so late; how he expects to meet all the first-of-the-month bills on the money he's making! . . . Phil Regan, Brooklyn's gift to the police force and the radio, smashed his car to avoid hitting a dog and now has a new blue streamliner as a reward. He gave it to himself. . . . Anita Kerry debuts in this. Was once understudied on stage by Jean Muir in Drinkwater's Bird in Hand. Jean made Hollywood two years before Anita. . . . Orry Kelly, film stylist, wants the gals to know that each woman should suit her leg line in determining the length her skirts should be from the ground, and not to be ruled by arbitrary measurements. And please, begs Orry, don't wear white satin unless your bumps are properly symmetric and in the right places.

★ ★ SMART GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Ida Lupino, Kent Taylor, Gail Patrick, Joseph Cawthorn, Pinky Tomlin, Sidney Blackmer, Greta Meyers, Claude King, Fern Emmet, and others. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. Screen play by Frances Highland.

SMART GIRL is the second picture of the week to study the hitherto unromanticized process server. Unlike We're in the Money, Smart Girl is not given over entirely to comedy, though it does have one ludicrous scene wherein two phonies bicker over equally phony stock.

Basically, however, this film remains a melodrama. When process server Kent Taylor, in his round of business, is sent to a wealthy victim, he discovers that he has committed suicide. He leaves one (1) blonde daughter; one (1) brunette daughter and no (0) fortune.

It does not take Mr. Taylor long to choose the brunette (Gail Patrick), leaving her blonde sister, Ida Lupino, to nurse a broken heart. Marriage with Miss Patrick proves to be one long effort to make the salary match the expenses. While Miss Lupino, in her single bliss, becomes a fashion expert in the employ of dialectic Joseph Cawthorn.

When Mr. Taylor becomes too chicken-hearted to continue his career, his wife gets him a job with her boyfriend stockbroker. Taylor begins to make money by the fistful. But when it is discovered that he is only an unknowing front for crooked bonds, his wife deserts him and loyal Miss Lupino remains steadfast.

Pinky Tomlin and Joseph Cawthorn manage to give Smart Girl a few bright moments, but the film is too diffuse in its aims to be entirely successful.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Walter Wanger's sop No. 2 to public taste. Bought story in script form from Frances Highland, former script gal who got tired of toting scripts around and decided it was easier to write 'em. . . . Pinky Tomlin is pink-complected, not pink-thatched. Appears in this one without a song. Bounced into California bearing all his worldly goods—an old ragged car, ditto suit, two shirts, three socks, a guitar, and the song Object of My Affections. Also $100, of which he used half to bribe an orchestra leader for a chance to sing way to fame—paid his own salary for a week. Now is well set, what with a dozen odd enterprises and five new songs bringing in royalties enough to fill his guitar with gold pieces. . . . Elsie Ferguson, full niece to Elsie Ferguson, makes her debut in a minor bit. . . . Gail Patrick, from Birmingham, is Hollywood's most engaged girl, being betrothed to no less than six youngsters in her home town. The oldest's fourteen and she'll have to wait till they grow up. They all proposed and were accepted when she vacationed home recently. Issued her engagements in return for promises that the lads, all bad boys in school, would reform and grow up to deserve her. Who says the movies don't exert good influence? . . . Kent Taylor stepped in from the extra ranks offering to help a young actress make a screen test. The gal didn't get a job but Kent did. Worked through Smart Girl with a busted digit suffered while playing baseball. Used a removable special-invented splint. . . . Ida Lupino started the piksch in a dark wig, but Wanger took a look at the first day's takes and switched her back to blonde again, his theory being that no picture is a picture without blonde love interest. . . . Sidney Blackmer still pines for his Lenore (Ulric), thinking out loud about her before friends. Just before Smart Girl he went way into the interior of the California desert mountains on a hunting and fishing trip. Had his heart schmerz revived when, on arriving miles from nowhere, he heard Miss Ulric broadcasting on an Al Jolson program. Blackmer's marriage fell to bits when he entered movies in confessed effort to become as famous as his wife.

★ ½ BONNIE SCOTLAND

THE PLAYERS: Stanley Laurel, Oliver Hardy, William Janney, Anne Grey, June Lang, David Torrence, Daphne Pollard, Lionel Belmore, Jimmy Finlayson, and others. Directed by James W. Horne. Story by Frank Butler and Jeff Moffitt.

STAN LAUREL and Oliver Hardy are as funny as any team the movies have ever displayed. Their comedy has that universal appeal, that deft and widely understood humor, that makes them, like Mickey Mouse, as popular in Atlanta as in Athens.

But even Messrs. Laurel and Hardy need adequate material. In Bonnie Scotland their exquisitely timed gags are spaced between prolonged scenes of a conventional and dully treated love story. This film has them as a couple of loafers who go to Scotland to inherit a fortune and receive, instead, a bagpipe.

They wander into the kilted army and finally wind up in India, where the picture becomes a mild burlesque on Lives of a Bengal Lancer. In their own scenes Laurel and Hardy are effective as always. But the studio, in its determination to make this a feature-length picture, has bogged them with a trite and amateurishly contrived history of thwarted young love.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture is supposed to be a satire on Lives of a Bengal Lancer, but you can't get any one to admit it. The hardest-working people on a slapstick stage are the prop-effect fellers. I have seen them sweat for hours trying to get smoke to come out of the leading custard flinger's pants. Often they are called upon to solve a gag like this: Two fish swimming in a crowded spot bump each other on the nose. A large officious fish picks up a starfish, pins it on himself, and starts to direct traffic. How would you go about getting such effects, please? . . . Stan Laurel writes and directs most of his own stuff and is somewhat jealous of other writers' interest in his success. Studied in spasms and trunk tops as a child, mostly backstage lore. Struck out for himself at fifteen, clowning from the start with that flour complexion. Toured with Fred Karno's Night in an English Music Hall, which had Chaplin. Gets most of his ideas from newspaper stories, most of them series, and often inverts drama to make comedy. Says comedy is tragedy standing on its head with its pants torn. . . . Oliver Hardy, graduate of U. of Gawguh law school, could easily get you twenty years if he were to defend you in court today. Is immaculate dresser offscreen, wearing 'em form-fit and snug. . . . Hamilton Kinsey and Charles Slocomb are the Laurel and Hardy stand-ins and were reputed at odds with each other when the boys had their fuss. They've made up and aren't pouting. They resemble the boys in every way except the deeply funny.

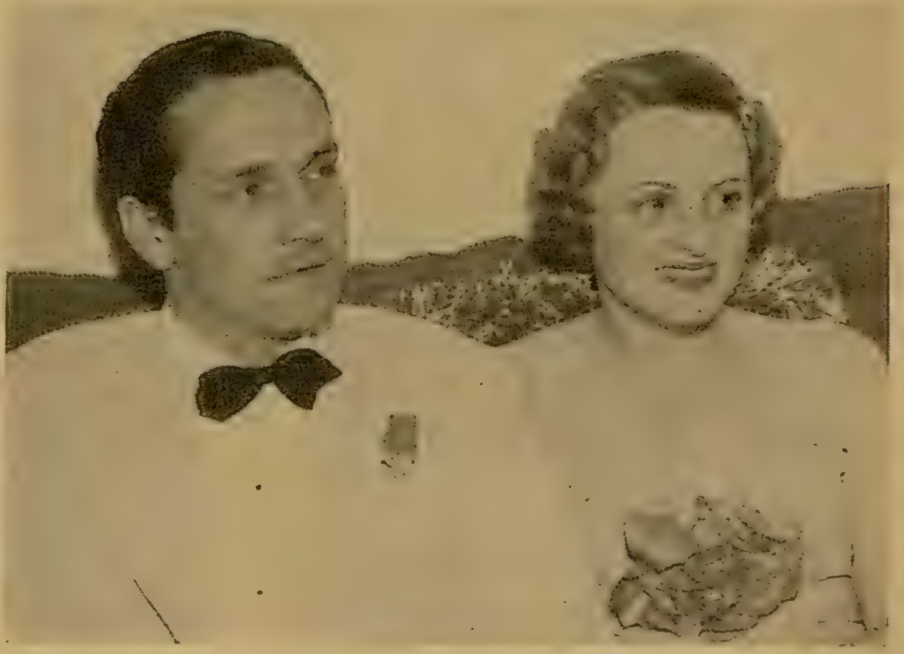
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta.

★★★—The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon.

the PRIVATE LIFE OF
Fredric March

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



The Marches. Engraved on her wedding ring is "No more beyond thine eyes." His ring has a similar inscription.

WHEN stars and directors, in private confab, discuss Fredric March, personal egotism flies to the four winds.

"He's the most versatile actor ever known in the films," they agree. And it's something when professional Hollywood acknowledges unusual ability in its midst.

He arrived in Hollywood in 1928. By that time a college degree was no longer considered a terrific handicap in the movies. The educational attainments of Jack Holt and Douglas Fairbanks had been excused because they could leap, swim, and fight. Edmund Lowe, way back in the early days, triumphed over this stigma by lavish use of Irish blarney. Handsome Milton Sills never mentioned that he had been a professor.

Quite a few collegians had wormed their way into the picture business via the writing route. But actors! Movie czars of the silents looked upon university grads as stilted, serious oddities.

Fredric March must have sensed some of this ancient prejudice when he first came to Hollywood. He not only avoided mention of the University of Wisconsin campus but, his intimates say, used slang.

Hollywood was just beginning to get over days of wild extravagance. Yet glitter and opulence still held sway when Florence and Fredric March arrived. Now, Fredric had served an apprenticeship in several banks, and to his practical mind this extravagance was a distinct shock. After all, a star of Western pictures didn't need twenty plaid overcoats.

Also, he had gained firsthand knowledge of economy and privation in touring companies. The road was costly. The show might close. The next job was always uncertain.

The Marches welcomed Hollywood as a haven of thrift. They determined to try and be sensible.

Momentous things were happening in 1928. Science and mechanics had just taken control of the town. The carpenter who had loved to pound his hammer in the days of the silents was now controlled by bells and whistles. Amateur Edisons held technical jobs as long as they could provide daily sensations—an egg beater sounding like Niagara; the snap of a whip like a pistol crack.

Hollywood does all things quickly. So the entire village mastered the English language overnight. There was a frenzied scurry for voice teachers. Sets were chaotic. But Fredric March played with ease and abandon. Hadn't he as a boy spoken pieces so often on programs at Racine that the whole town could coach him on missing lines?

And later, still in knee pants, had he not won the Wisconsin state oratorical contest?

Then at the university he had won more oratorical honors, become a leading Thespian in Haresfoot, the college theatrical club, and followed this with varied experience on the professional stage. And were producers frantically clutching experienced stage players of the March type that year! Hollywood was also undergoing a social upheaval about 1928. There was widespread ambition to acquire dignity. You were no longer a sissy if you liked good concerts and attended them. As the Fredric Marches always have and always will. They liked wholesome home life, athletics, good books and plays, and the dignified entertaining of conventional society. The Marches have always been people of culture and good social position, so they fitted quite naturally into this transformed Hollywood. They are among the finest film folk in the new order of normal and dignified living.

Fredric's father, John Bickel, a descendant of German forefathers, was a Racine banker. His mother, Cora Marcher, was of English-Scotch-Dutch lineage. Fredric was born August 31, 1897, and named Frederic McIntyre Bickel. He later adopted his mother's name of Marcher, dropping the "er."

Harold and Jack Bickel, his brothers, and Elizabeth, his sister, conspired to avoid spoiling Freddie, the baby of the family. They extended no compliments and were profuse with kidding. But he held his own with quietly voiced neat comebacks.

As a boy he mowed lawns and shoveled snow. Ran errands and took magazine subscriptions. He spoke pieces so beautifully he was in demand for all amateur programs in Racine. The city dump knew him well and marked him as an astute businessman. He was nicknamed "Bottles" because from this unsightly location he gathered enough rags, faucets, scrap iron, brooches, and bottles to earn money for tickets to the local stock company.

Banks failed then as they do today, so when the doors of his father's bank closed, Fredric's opportunity to enter the University of Wisconsin folded. But another Racine bank needed a clerk for the Christmas savings department. March won the job and worked two years to save money to enter college.

He was elected president of his class in grammar school, in high school, and in college. At the university, which he entered in 1916, he was a member of Alpha Delta Phi, manager of the football team, a letter man in track events, played leads in college theatricals, took part in oratorical contests, and without undue study became an honor student.

At the outbreak of the war he left college and was commissioned, one of the youngest shavetails in the army. He was sent to Fort Sheridan to train for the infantry, but

A Look Behind the Scenes at "the Most Accomplished Player in Pictures"—An Astounding Person Who Has Never Lost His Head Over Women or Anything Else!

by HELEN STARR

"His enormous popularity refutes the howl about sex appeal's importance."

The Marches' adopted daughter "Penny." She has reached the ripe age of three.

Left: Freddy Bickel, Wisconsin class president in 1920, now Fredric March.

his brother Harold was aide to General Austin at the artillery camp, Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, and had Fredric transferred to that post.

Never before had he mounted anything pertaining to horseflesh but a fat small pony, but after receiving his commission, he was made an instructor in equestrianism. Later he was sent to the Fort Sill School of Fire. After the armistice he returned to the university.

Frank Vanderlip, then president of the National City Bank in New York, picked twenty young men from as many universities, offering them bank training in New York with foreign posts to follow. Fredric March was one of the twenty. Mr. Vanderlip was succeeded, however, by Mr. James Stillman, who had no idea at all concerning foreign posts for young men who liked travel. March saw that if he was a good boy, worked diligently, and stayed away from the Ziegfeld stage door, he might some day reach a cashier's cage. He took a leave of absence from the bank to try the stage. He is still on leave.

The stage did not seem to need him. Every one spoke of his resemblance to Richard Barthelmess, so he pursued D. W. Griffith, to the director's extreme annoyance.

Playing extra, March occasionally earned three dollars a day over at the Long Island studios. He also posed for tooth-paste and underwear ads. Sometimes such famous artists as Neysa McMein or Howard Chandler Christy used him as a model. But jobs were few and far between. Burning summer pavements consumed shoe soles. Winter won every battle with that spring overcoat.

On the hardest day of his life his finances dropped to five cents. He flipped the coin to decide between a sandwich and a telephone call. The phone won and Leon Gordon, the artist, told him to report to pose.

When March finished after three hours of work, that sandwich was uppermost in his mind. But Gordon sent him to buy some theater tickets. On the way to the box office he met a friend who said they needed spear carriers for the Belasco production Deburau. He delivered the tickets, rushed to the Belasco, and landed his first stage job.

In Deburau he was in turn super, callboy, stagehand, bit player with two lines, understudy, and finally junior lead. When the spear carriers were told they might attend rehearsals of the principals and by observation learn something of the art of acting, Fredric March was the only one of sixty supers who responded.

Then came parts in Shavings and The Law Breaker. A role with Al Jolson in Lei Aloha. With Miriam Hopkins in Puppets. And he gave an outstanding performance in a piece called The Devil in the Cheese.

Summers his old straw suitcase went out to the sticks for stock.

Players in Theatre Guild repertoire relate that on the road the March devastating sense of humor pulled them all out of the doldrums again and again. He can, on a second's notice, switch from the most serious dramatic role to high comedy and ruin the morale of every one on a picture set.

During the summer of 1925 March indulged in a brief European trip. During the summer of 1926 he fell in love.

"I was never quite right when I saw other men attentive to her," he has since related. She was none other than Florence Eldridge, the star of the stock company.

It seems that ever since his school days he has always been very intense in the matter of romance. When as a boy he stuck a motto in his mirror which read, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time," his brothers changed it to read, "to one girl at a time."

His college pals quote March as declaring with deep feeling, "I am fascinated by the idea of being true to one woman all my life."

All this fire and intensity of his was now concentrated in his love of Florence Eldridge.

A previous marriage to Ellis Baker, an actress, had not been entirely harmonious. Florence Eldridge also had previously been married, to Howard Rumsey.

His fellow players at Elitch Gardens—after the manner of all theatrical folk—hastened to confide to March that it was just too bad, but Miss Eldridge was engaged to marry a man in New York. None the less he became bosom pals with Florence's brother. Then Florence, her brother, and March became a congenial trio. In the spring of 1927 Fredric and Florence were married.

"No more beyond thine eyes" are the words engraved on her wedding ring. His bears a similar inscription.

HELEN STARR

has been actress, newspaper writer, and a writer for the screen. During the war she wrote special reports for the U. S. Intelligence Department. She is the wife of Lieut. Commander Lisle Henifin of the navy (retired).

At Elitch Gardens the Marches had discussed going to Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney, then in the company, gasped, "That town!" The juvenile also pleaded, "Don't go there. They will break up your marriage." That was eight years ago and the prediction has not yet come true.

March was engaged for the stage production of The Royal Family—that Edna Ferber travesty on the Barrymore household that has had Ethel cutting Edna ever since. John Barrymore took all the amazing antics of the play's crazy genius in good part. And John's fourteen-year-old daughter had the temerity to write to Fredric March and tell him *he* was her favorite actor.

Paramount bought the play for pictures, tested March, engaged him for the part.

To fortify themselves on the approach to the heralded hornets' nest of southern California, the Marches read fan magazines all the way there. "I believe a newcomer needs more backbone than acting ability down here," Fredric confided to Florence. And he still believes it.

He has always seriously consulted her about his make-up, voice, interpretations. "She knows far more of acting than I do," he modestly asserts.

As a boy he once walked two miles to his brother's house to discuss the kind of school notebook he should buy. He makes Florence, or any one else whose advice he asks, feel that if you don't consider his case very carefully and give him your best counsel, something terrible is liable to happen to him.

THE jinx that March so resembled Barrymore that he could never play any one else clung to him for some time. "Not that I wouldn't rather look like Barrymore than any one I know," he will tell you. But to B. P. Schulberg, then boss at Paramount, he declared, "I don't want to play Barrymore any more. I want to be Fredric March."

And he proved he could be a dozen Marches by playing a series of utterly divergent roles. A tough guy in Good Dame with Sylvia Sidney. A dissolute lawyer in My Sin. A conscientious attorney in Manslaughter. More recently, the swashbuckling lover in Affairs of Cellini and that spirited and inspired performance in Death Takes a Holiday. He won the Motion Picture Academy award for the best performance of the year 1932 by his handling of the dual role in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The Barrymore jinx was forever killed when a gag man remarked one day on the set, "Doesn't John Barrymore resemble Fredric March?"

Other players hold their pinnacles because they rise to an outstanding performance in one role out of five. But Fredric March has been superb in thirty roles, each entirely different from its predecessor. He would quit the business of acting tomorrow if they insisted on keeping him in the same type of role.

The enormous popularity of Fredric March is a living refutation of the exhibitors' howl about the importance of sex appeal. He has none of the s. a. of Clark Gable, Valentino, Gary Cooper, or John Gilbert. A few years ago an attempt was made to force his salary down. One argument put up to the actor was, "Now, Freddie, you haven't any sex appeal. If you and Gary Cooper were to enter a room together, which one do you suppose the girls would make for?"

"And which one would their mothers go for?" was March's quick retort. "Anyhow," he added, "what has Gary Cooper's sex appeal got to do with my new contract?"

March believes an actor must keep studying constantly for success. When he was engaged for his first thirty-dollar-a-week spear-carrying job in New York he began pantomime lessons with Mme. Alberti. Now Walter Huston's sister, Mrs. Robert Edmond Jones, is his teacher.

He is president of the Mayfair, Hollywood's swanky social club for the Four Hundred of the film colony. He is a member of the board of the Screen Actors' Guild, where disputes between studios and employees are settled. He belongs to few actors' clubs.

HE is brisk, businesslike, punctual; possesses great power of concentration; gets completely absorbed in anything that interests him. When he leaves with his tennis racket for a half hour in the morning, he may stay all day and return utterly exhausted. However, he also rides horseback regularly, and keeps up swimming and other forms of exercise. His new contract with Twentieth Century Pictures calls for only four productions a year, so he has time to keep himself in trim.

The Marches have recently bought a picturesque site surrounded by rolling hills and green valleys, including a vista of ocean beyond. Here they have built a beautiful French brick mansion. Luxurious, but comfortable and homelike as well, for they have retained their essentially simple tastes.

Some time ago the Marches adopted Penelope—"Penny"—a brunette beauty now three years of age. Recently they adopted a boy, Anthony—"Tony"—a plump one-year-old.

Colonel House, whom March met in New York several years ago, suggested to him that the large earnings he might have for a few brief years be placed in trust funds and insurance annuities, and that living expenses be carefully budgeted. The Marches are following his advice.

Florence Eldridge, when she first came to California, took part in a number of stage plays with Edward Everett Horton. Then she played a backwoods woman in the picture, Story of Temple Drake, with Miriam Hopkins.

One day she said, "I think I'll buy a ranch."

"I'll get you one," returned March very quickly.

"No, I think it would be fun to buy one all my own."

"You're tired of me," March conjectured. "You're planning to leave—"

Florence giggled. "No, I'm just tired out from working in pictures. Freddie, don't let me play again!"

So for several years she was just Mrs. March and indifferent to all screen offers. But recently she played Fantine in Les Misérables with her husband.

The Marches are distinctive among Hollywood married couples for having identical social likes and dislikes.

"The temptations of Hollywood?" March laughed as I questioned him. "The greatest temptation I have noticed is the desire Hollywood actors have to talk about themselves, about the current role, the next picture. I believe Clark Gable has stood up under the fire of popularity better than any star in town."

Fredric March has never been madly extravagant or insanely social. He has never lost his head over women.

Hollywood not only believes Fredric March is the most accomplished player ever known in motion pictures, but envies him an artistic temperament combined with sane, practical sense. This type of normalcy is, in the film colony, as astounding as it is distinctive.

THE END

A Bad Samaritan

Liberty's Short Short

by RITA WEIMAN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

The origin of the basic plot of this story is shrouded in mystery. It has been told many times in varying forms, and makes its appearance in magazine offices regularly as "having happened to a friend of mine" or as being "absolutely true." It is, along with several others, among the "hardy perennials" of fiction. Miss Weiman offers herewith a new and striking version of it.

THIS was a great night for Cyrus Glenn. Tonight even his enemies were his friends. At least on the surface they were. In his honor, the clubhouse was a blaze of illumination. In his honor, men of prominence in civic, financial, and political life had stood on their feet and voiced praise of him. He had sat at the banquet table and listened to the music of their words, drinking in the import as a man quaffs heady wine.

For years all his plans had been set with this goal as the ultimate. Ever since wealth had been his to command, his carefully pyramided reputation as a philanthropist; his charities placed where they would receive the greatest acclaim; his shrewd cultivation of important men in important municipal positions; his widely publicized proclamation that he asked no favors, no rewards, only the right to give; even his refusal of the nomination for mayor of the city and final acceptance under protest—each step had been calculated to bring about the result he now saw radiantly before him.

Small wonder that a few days before election he was drunk with anticipation; that his steps lingered in the hallway following a series of good-bys and good lucks. He did not feel like going home—not yet. Cyrus Glenn mounted the wide stone stairs and strolled into the smoking room.

In a corner he found a group of men who for one reason or another had not attended the banquet. He knew why Tim Murdock had not been there. Tim was a sharp-eyed newspaperman on a sheet that supported the opposing party.

Tim Murdock wore business clothes, as did most of the others. They included a college professor, an economist, an attorney, and the collection of businessmen who find the talk of students and scholars relaxation from a workaday world. Over brandies and highballs they were in heated debate.

The discussion under way rather amused Cyrus Glenn. It concerned the question of a man's responsibility if some one in anguish and in trust confesses to him the commission of a crime. Is it his duty as a good citizen to inform the authorities?

For a time Glenn stood silent, a listener at the fringe of the circle. But he felt talkative and the argument tempted him.

"You fellows won't get anywhere dealing in the abstract," he said. "Theories are never as conclusive as illustrations. You are men of imagination. Suppose you take a hypothetical case."

"Give us one," suggested Tim Murdock.

"Well—let me see. Take a doctor, for instance. Doctors hear as many confessions as priests."

"All right. Take a doctor. What kind of a doctor?"

"Young. With ambition but no practice. Very young. Let's say just through hospital training. Settled in a small town because he's heard it's a better place to begin than in a big city. He's all alone; lives and has his office in an old house in a poor neighborhood. But he gets no patients. The townspeople don't trust newcomers, especially young ones. He waits and goes hungry. One night, long after midnight, he is roused by a banging at his front door. A man, not more than a boy, is disclosed holding on to the doorway. There is a broken ligament in his ankle, and the doctor straps it, knowing all the while that the story of having fallen into a ditch is a lie. The boy's terror tells him that."

Cyrus Glenn lighted a big cigar while he contemplated the continuance of his yarn.

"The boy suddenly begs to be put up for the night. He has nowhere to go—he'll pay for his lodging. He exhibits a roll of bills, the first the doctor has seen in a long time.

"Well, the boy stays on. He stays on longer than one night. He stays until he can walk again. The doctor asks no questions. This is his first case and he needs the money. Besides, he likes the boy.

"Now, for argument's sake, suppose we say that a stranger stops in one day for treatment. Some slight disorder of no significance. What is of significance is that the doctor sees his sheriff's badge and mentions this later in the most casual way. The boy is panicked. He breaks down, confesses that in the heat of passion he has murdered a man. He throws himself on the doctor's mercy. He explains that the killing occurred in a neighboring town—let's say in a fight for his rightful share of some money in a transaction—no matter what. Half out of his mind with fear, the boy had driven the body out into the country and sent car and corpse over an embankment. He had then walked to the next town and on the way had tripped in the dark and hurt his leg."

Cyrus Glenn paused, then continued:

"Here we have our problem. What would you in our doctor's place have done? Handed a murderer over to the police, or protected a man, against whom you held nothing, from discovery by the police?"

"One point I'd like cleared. Was the sheriff really after him or not?" Tim asked.

"That has little to do with the case. We are merely considering the doctor's duty as a good citizen."

"I'd say it has a great deal to do with it," Tim commented crisply. "Aiding a criminal to escape the law makes a man an accessory after the fact."

"Legal terms," observed Glenn, examining the tip of his cigar. "We're discussing ethical ones."

"We're discussing a matter of duty."

"All right, then. Suppose the sheriff is not after the boy. The dead man appears to have died by accident. In this case, murder doesn't out unless the doctor chooses to hand over to the authorities a youth who trusts him and is at his mercy. What then?"

"No question of the doctor's duty," the attorney spoke. "The boy should immediately be placed under arrest."

"What do you think, Mr. Glenn?" asked one of the other young businessmen.

"I am not here to think," answered Cyrus Glenn and a smile flicked his mouth. "I merely lay my hypothetical case on the carpet. You gentlemen must fight it out."

There was a pause as a man came through the arched doorway. The greeting of the group proved him a man of importance. He wore formal evening dress with the ease of distinction. He was a man of about Cyrus Glenn's age, a great specialist whose career was starred with service to humanity. He went over to Cyrus Glenn and laid an arm across his shoulders.

"This is a proud night for me," he said. "You men don't know it, but my friendship for Cyrus dates years back to the days when I was a struggling young country medico. He was my first case, and the night he limped in my front door with a smashed ankle, it seemed to me he must have been sent straight from heaven."

THE END

Flying Madmen

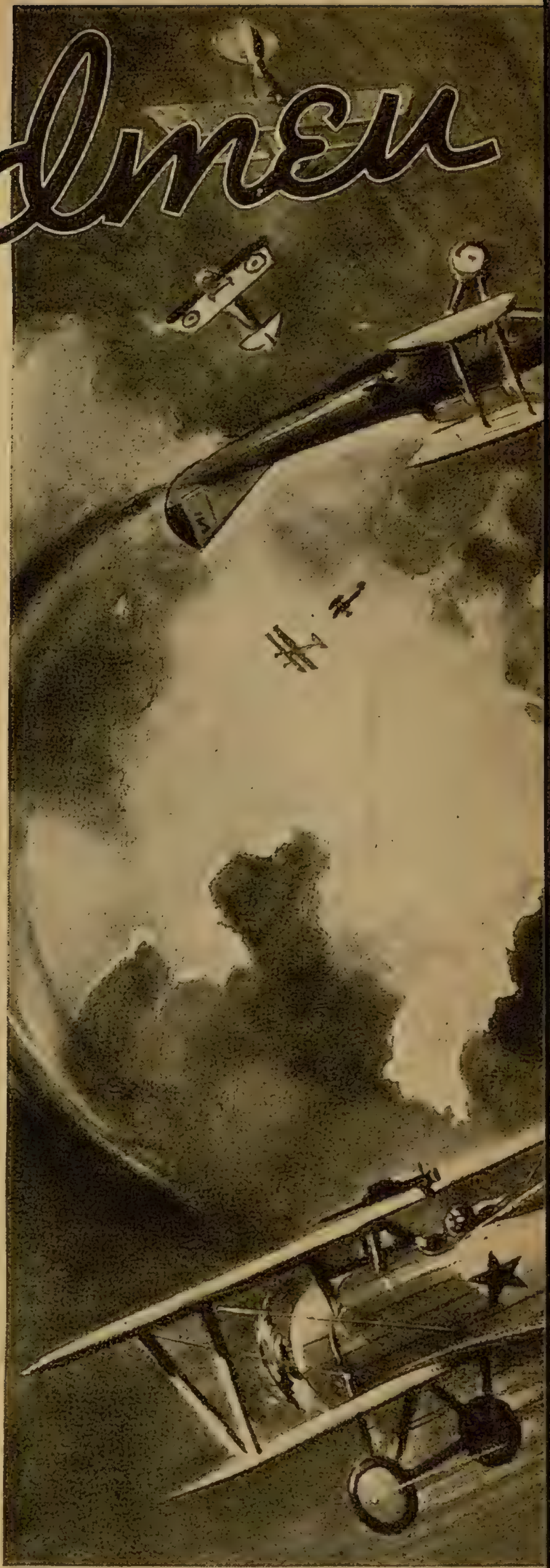
Continuing the Saga, Amazing but True, of the Daredevil Americans Who Fought Over Cossack Battlefields in the Wild Days After the War

by MARION ATEN, D.F.C.

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GRAVEN

A dizzy game of tag, and death was It. I turned, swept around. There was the Nieuport centered in my sights. The pilot's eyes twisted back as the bullets drove in.

CAPTAIN ATEN "took a trip abroad with some Canadians" in 1916. He shifted to what is now the Royal Air Force. After the armistice, still hungry for action, he fell in with "Colly" (Major Raymond Collishaw), who had an air "show" in south Russia, where the White General Denikine, with British and French aid, was pushing northward toward Moscow. Aten went larking down there and found himself in B Flight of Colly's Squadron 47, under command of his friend "Kinky" (Captain S. M. Kinkhead). B Flight moved up to Tsaritsyn with the Denikine army led by Baron Wrangel.

When Budenny's Red cavalry swept down, the airmen saved some Cossacks from being trapped by it, and the Cossacks in turn helped them rescue "Red" Johnson after he crashed. This led to the romantic meeting between Johnson and Kitty, a girl officer of the Kuban Cossacks, "the Wolves." Tsaritsyn fell and was looted; B Flight joined Kitty's brother officers in a roaring celebration. Two Red Cross nurses, Nina and Olga, who had been saved from an enemy firing squad, took a holiday and spent it with the flight.

With the cry "On to Moscow!" on every lip, word came that the British War Office was disbanding Squadron 47. What of it? Those airmen were there to fight; they would stick. They became "the English Squadron Unit of the Volunteer Russian Army" and, as such, "went right on with our job."

PART TWO — HELL BELOW ZERO

WE lost Nina and Olga without warning.

We were heading north for the battle front. We flew our ships along the railroad line until we struck a likely spot, and landed. The train of thirty cars came along until it reached us; and we were at home again.

One morning Nina brought in my tea. She sat on the edge of my bunk and looked at me. Suddenly she reached out and took my hand.

"We go 'way," she said, a heartbreak in her voice. "Hospital train. Order."

The tea spilled all over the place. My Lord! It was true. A hospital train was almost beside us, waiting.

"It is good-by!" she cried, and broke into sobs.

Eleven hundred wounded aboard that train; one doctor and three nurses, and hundreds of miles ahead of them yet to base headquarters. The station attendants were dragging out corpses, slinging them like sacks of grain against the building, when we escorted our two friends aboard.

The doctor, with his burned-out eyes, beckoned. They climbed aboard, were gone. We went back and had an out-of-season drink. We needed it. However, we were to meet Nina and Olga again, in darker days.

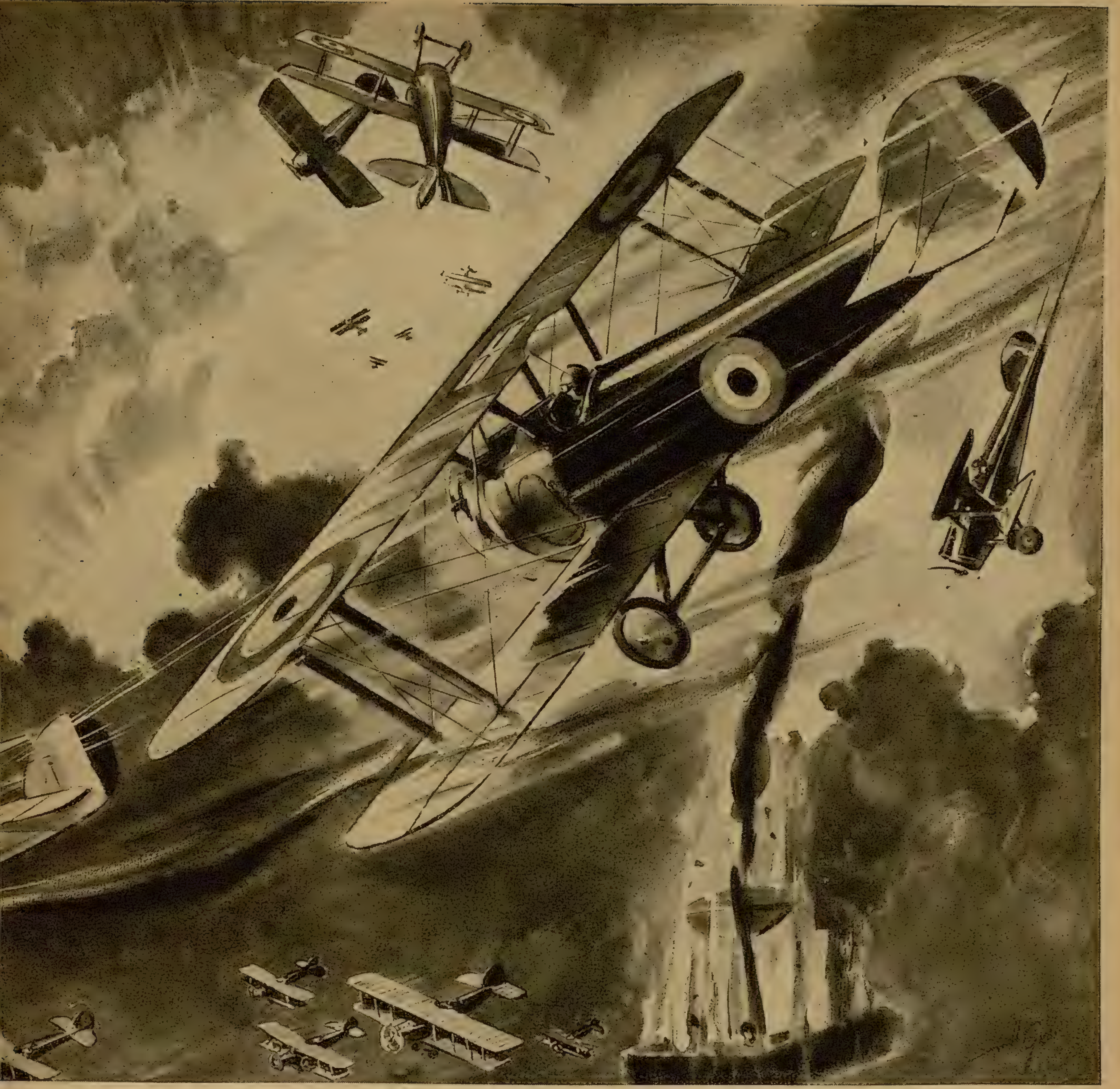
Kotluban saw us detrain; a bleak blizzard-swept village not far behind the front, admirably suited to our purposes. We set to work getting up our portable hangars. Winter came all of a sudden. An icy wind, a sheet of sleet, and the steppes changed from sun-baked brown to unbroken white overnight.

Red came dashing in one morning with a yell.

"Mac's copped a packet! Come on."

We rushed out. Mac was acting as observer with another flight; his pilot had landed him here with a bullet through his leg. They were lifting his body out of the rear cockpit. Everything aft was one crimson smear. That bullet had cut an artery.

We got in touch with a mixed Russian squadron and went out to smear Reds over the landscape. It was a



mixed formation—De Haviland bombers below and our bug-bodied Camels up above. Getting away, we were delayed by an argument between Bill Daly and a deep rut; his wheels hit it, and he turned bottom-side up. Bill carried four impact bombs, and when his Camel went over, those four bombs rammed in their noses and were due to explode in twenty seconds. And Bill knew it.

The concussion had badly sprained both his ankles, but he slid out of the mess and sprinted until the bombs let go. He did no more walking for a month.

Midmorning saw us off on our long flight over the lines to reach the Red airdrome. We meant to bomb their hangars. But when we got there they were ready and waiting with the queerest bunch of ships you ever saw—Nieuports, Spads, an old Sopwith one-and-a-half strutter, and an Austrian Anasol of early vintage.

As soon as we saw this outfit we pulled the toggles and dumped the bombs to be rid of weight, and began to climb. Kink signaled with a dip of his wing. On the turn I saw what I had not previously noticed—a lone black Fokker far above, wheeling like a waiting falcon.

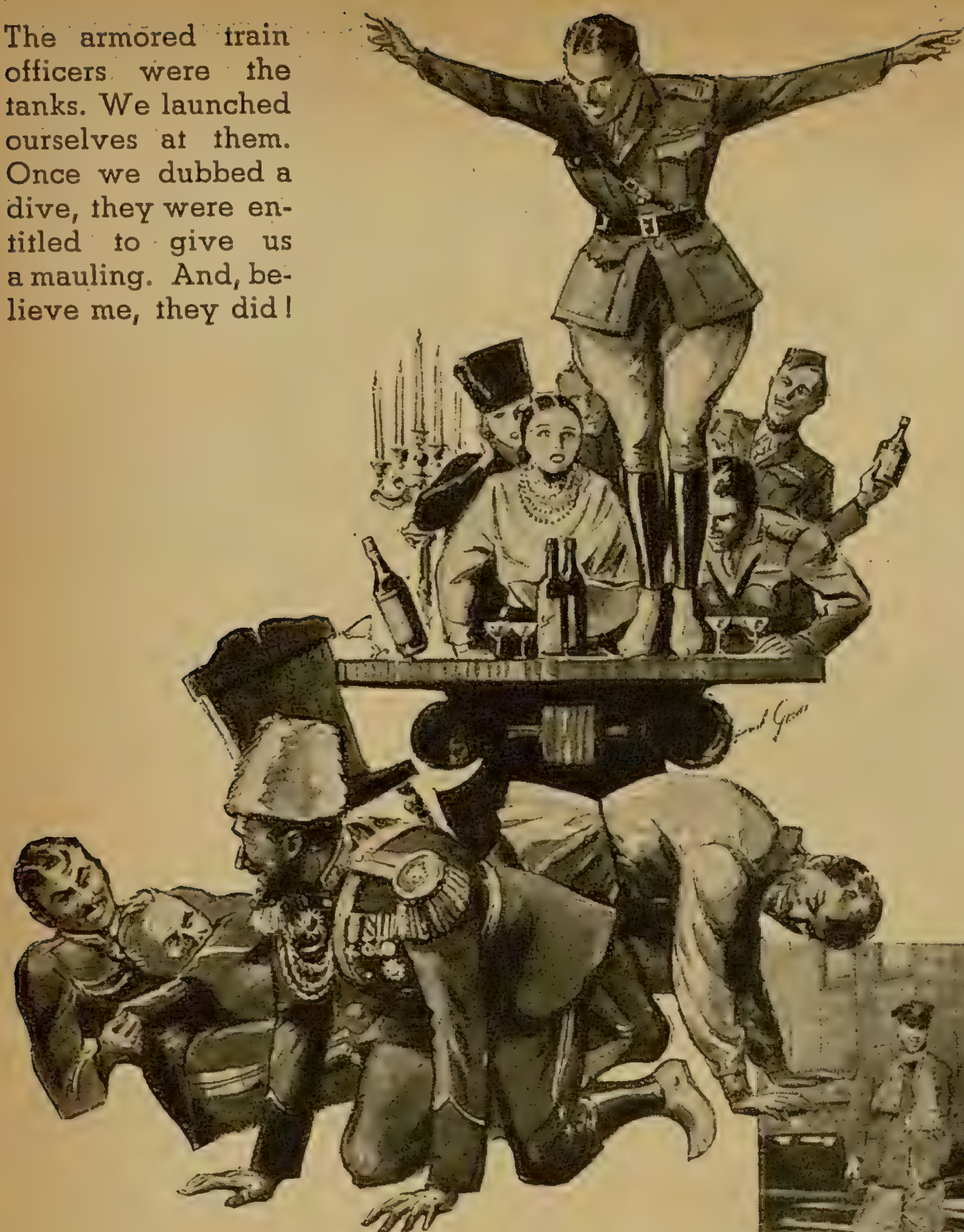
As we straightened from the turn, it was every man for himself—a dogfight. We caught the Reds half around as they whirled to fight, for not even the sinister old Fokker up above could outturn a Camel. Next instant we were everywhere and anywhere. A Nieuport came into my sights. I took a quick burst at him and tried to get on his tail. We went round and round. In this fighting spiral we fell even below the lumbering De Havilands.

A dizzy game of tag, and death was It. Bullets yammered around me; he had caught me full. I made a desperate turn, swept around, and there was the Nieuport dead ahead of me, centered in my telescope sights. I pressed the triggers until my thumb knuckles cracked.

The pilot looked around, his goggled eyes twisting back at me just as the bullets drove into him. He slumped forward in his seat. From the peak of his brown-leather helmet fluttered a little wisp of white, like a lady's handkerchief fastened there.

Then he was gone. Down, and the earth coming up to meet him—and then I was zooming and could see no more.

The armored train officers were the tanks. We launched ourselves at them. Once we dubbed a dive, they were entitled to give us a mauling. And, believe me, they did!



A warning shadow fell dark across me, and I jumped. In swift alarm I turned face to sky. A cloud of fire obscured the sun. High above, the Fokker was climbing triumphantly away. He had caught one of our Russian De Havilands and caught it properly.

As I glanced up, the observer came tumbling past me like a trapeze artist who had missed his clutch. Not that the jump would do him any good at the end. We had no parachutes in those days. I swerved and the flaming wreckage sizzled so close that I felt its burning breath as it plunged.

When I leveled out, a bullet-nosed Spad showed up, bearing straight at me. He was coming wide open. For an instant I started to swerve aside. "Be damned if I will!" I thought desperately, and headed slap into him.

I CLOSED my eyes, pressed the triggers hard, and held my breath. In the click of that split second I lived a dozen lives. Then it was past. I opened my eyes. There was the Spad below me—its wings folded back in its death dive. And close behind in the slip-stream's wake was Eddie, his guns belching orange-red. Then they were gone.

I was far below the others. The surviving Russian bombers, still in close order, were fighting with their observers' guns. Red Johnson and Mud were whirling with a Spad and a Nieuport in a dance of death. Eddie was steadily climbing now, Kink was not in sight, and the lone Fokker circled high above like a waiting eagle.

Below, the Austrian Anasol, with a broken wing, was spinning down like a crazy top. Three smoldering hummocks of black smoke were reaching up from the snow.

All this in one rapid glance, while I was climbing as fast as my motor could spin. I headed for the eyrie of that black Fokker serenely winging the sky; and what I gained in height was rapidly lost in nerve. However, I kept going, damned scared but knowing it had to be done.

When I got up almost to his level, the Fokker suddenly did a wild dive away to my right.

Below, out beyond the huddled Russian bombers, Kink was in a hot dogfight with two Red planes. One pursued him, the other fled from him. The Fokker was diving at them headlong.

The Red ship in front of Kink zoomed, stalled, slipped away to the side with that warning burst of ghost-white smoke that precedes the flame in a stricken ship. Kink swerved to go after the man astern of him.

As he made the turn with his uncanny skill, his wing tips pointing to earth and sky, the Fokker pounced. The guns spurted. My heart stopped as I saw the Camel reel. That was the end of Kink, then!

DOWN and down he went, straight down. The Fokker soared away from its strike, while the Nieuport that had hung on Kink's tail followed him down to make sure of him. I was already diving, but even if he managed to land, that Nieuport would pour a hail of bullets into him long before I could get there.

And he was trying to land, pulling out of his fall. The Nieuport was dead after him for the finishing burst. Then my pulses leaped. From nowhere streaked a Camel in a mad, plunging dive—a Camel with a green snake along its side.

Mud Langley! But Mud was too slow.

Left to right: Daly, "Russky," Burns-Thompson, and the author, Capt. Aten.

Kink was defenseless, his prop dead still. I saw him look back. He made a sharp swerve in his glide, and the Nieuport, with blazing guns, overshot the mark. Next instant, Mud Langley had the Nieuport. Down it went, straight into the ground with full engine roaring, and ended in a burst like a howitzer shell.

Then Kink slid down, not far from an enemy airdrome. Almost instantly a ground machine gun set up a chattering fire. I dived on its unsheltered pit, Eddie came spurting down after me, and an instant later there was nothing left of that gun crew. We zoomed upward again, and Burns-Thompson fluttered down and landed near Kink. When it came to teamwork, B Flight was strictly there.

Kink touched a match to his dead-motored ship and clambered aboard Scotty's ship. Up they came and away, Mud and Eddie and I wheeling overhead. We fell into close formation and headed for home; and then the black Fokker swooped on us.

Scotty slipped underneath us. We held firm. The Fokker gave us a burst, took our broadside volley without scathe; then he blew us a kiss and winged away. Scotty waved a hand in return. It was the one touch of gallantry we encountered on the whole Russian front.

And that ended our strafe.

One day, without any warning, Kitty walked in on us. She brought half a dozen Red commissars whom her troop had captured, and the first we knew of her presence was when the volleys rang out. Then she and half a dozen Kubans were piling into our mess car like a pack of wolves let loose. It was just about noon.

Red Johnson grabbed her, tore off her fur-lined coat, lifted her in his arms, and carried her over to the open fireplace. Eddie's yell lifted above the noise.

"*Prosnik! Prosnik!*" he shouted, and we all joined in. "Holiday! Celebration!"

"Fair enough," declared Kink. "The Countess of Circassia has done her good deed for the day"—he jerked his thumb toward the bodies of the commissars outside—"so I hereby officially declare the drinking season open. Pilots' weather, boys!" He turned to the orderly officer of the day, yours truly. "Issue the men a double ration of rum, and later on another. Give the Red prisoners a dash. If we're going to have a *prosnik* we'll have a good one. Russky! Go down the line to that armored train on the siding and invite the officers over for lunch. And see that they get here!"

"I fix 'em, Kink!" And Russky was off. Cowderdrill popped in from the pantry eagerly enough.

"*Prosnik*, sir?"

"You're damned right!" shouted Mud. "Rum-punch materials, and quick about it!"

Mud was an expert at hot rum punch that would knock your eye out, so we built up the fire and he fell to work. Our fireplace was a gorgeous marble affair we had lifted bodily out of a wrecked palace. Every time we moved it shook to pieces, and we had to build it up again.

In the ensuing hilarity Russky showed up with the commander of the armored train and several other officers; one he held by the neck and propelled violently. Roars of laughter, explanations, and hot punch cured everything. Meantime, outside the wind howled in desolation. A blizzard was coming, said the Cossacks.

AHEAD of it came Collishaw, flying in on a surprise visit with Seaton Broughall, and then it was *prosnik* and no mistake. Broughall was a Toronto lad, one of the bunch from the Western Front, and the best friend of everybody. Later he was with us on the Bagdad-Cairo job. He is a major now.

Well, in the course of the afternoon there was a tremendous rumpus outside and out we piled. One of our cars, luckily nearly empty, was on fire. How it caught, nobody knew or cared, but it was next to the ammunition car, which was not so hot. We got the car uncoupled and shoved it a hundred yards or so up the track, then stood around to watch it burn. All of a sudden Eddie Fulford let out a startled oath.

"My God! There's a hundred-and-twelve-pound bomb in that car and I forgot it—"

Everybody but Broughall, who failed to catch the remark, lit out of there. We danced around at a distance and yelled at him. Finally he sauntered over to us, and just as he took in the situation—*whoosh!* The bomb and the car all let go at once.

"Which," said Broughall calmly, as he picked himself up, "rates a drink. What?"

The blizzard came, and in the middle of it Mud's girl walked in. The Cowslip had trailed us from somewhere in some manner. She greeted Mud with her beaming grin and her barrage of profanity which she thought was affectionate English. After that, nothing could stop the *prosnik*, not even dinner.

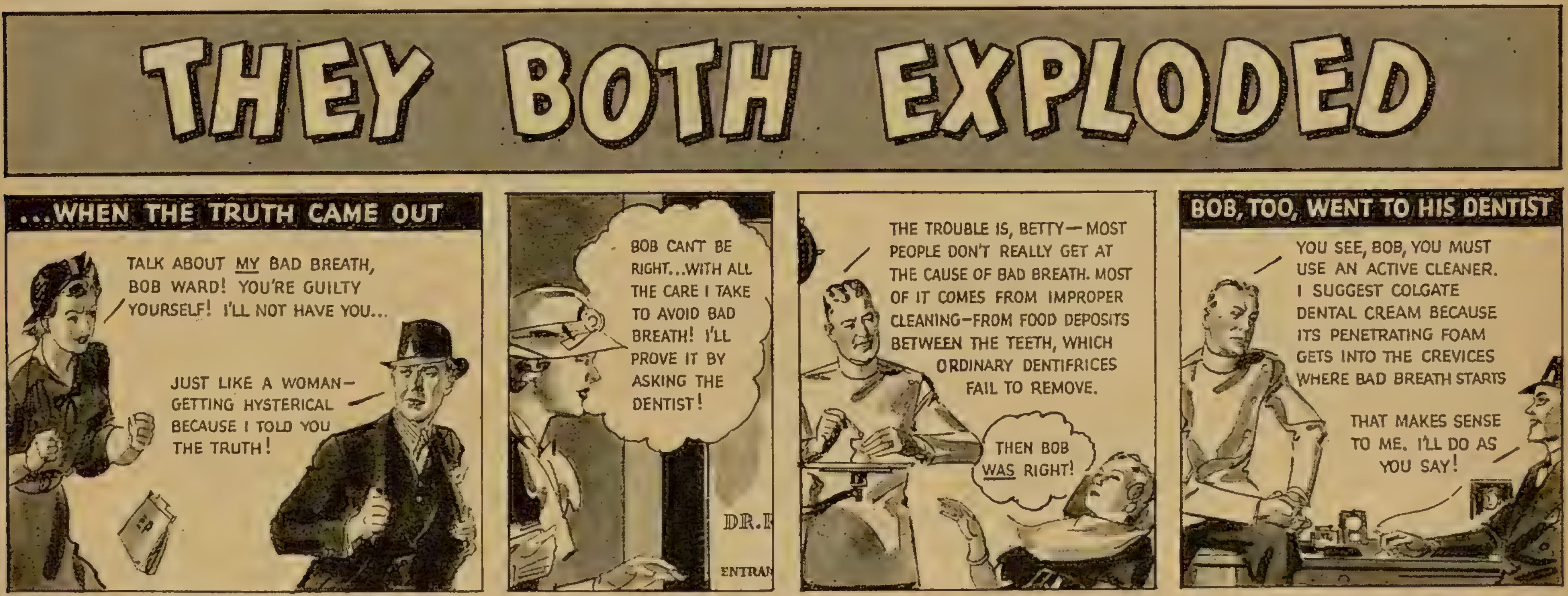
We ended up with a grand game of tanks and airplanes. The armored train officers, on hands and knees, were the tanks. We, mounted on tables, chairs, or the divan, played the airplanes, launching ourselves from our perches at the tanks below. The object was to fall in swan-dive fashion and mash the tanks flat. Boots were barred.

As long as we were off the floor, the tanks could not attack. But once we dubbed a dive or missed our mark, they were entitled to give us a mauling. And, believe me, they did!

The game ended when Eddie misjudged his wind deflection and crashed head on with the Russian commander. Honors were even, with a couple of smashed tanks and two winged airplanes crumpled against the wall. But Eddie and the Russian went out with a pop like two punctured balloons.

We fed them raw rum and it stuck in their teeth. We packed their heads in snow and beat their feet with sticks. We were going to do other things, but Mud's girl picked up the Russian under one arm—she weighed about two hundred—and packed him off home. When she got back, she took Eddie to his cabin and started to put him to bed. He was half undressed when he woke up and began to yell for help.

Later, sometime, I was stumbling along on my way to bed when I barged into Red Johnson's cabin, which was


THEY BOTH EXPLODED
...WHEN THE TRUTH CAME OUT
TALK ABOUT MY BAD BREATH, BOB WARD! YOU'RE GUILTY YOURSELF! I'LL NOT HAVE YOU...
JUST LIKE A WOMAN—GETTING HYSTERICAL BECAUSE I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH!
BOB CAN'T BE RIGHT...WITH ALL THE CARE I TAKE TO AVOID BAD BREATH! I'LL PROVE IT BY ASKING THE DENTIST!
DR. E
ENTRAN
THE TROUBLE IS, BETTY—MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALLY GET AT THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. MOST OF IT COMES FROM IMPROPER CLEANING—FROM FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH, WHICH ORDINARY DENTIFRICES FAIL TO REMOVE.
THEN BOB WAS RIGHT!
BOB, TOO, WENT TO HIS DENTIST
YOU SEE, BOB, YOU MUST USE AN ACTIVE CLEANER. I SUGGEST COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE CREVICES WHERE BAD BREATH STARTS
THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME. I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

DR. WEBB WAS RIGHT! COLGATE'S SURE LEAVES YOUR MOUTH FEELING CLEAN AND FRESH!
MY! HOW QUICKLY COLGATE'S HAS BRIGHTENED MY TEETH!
SO TWICE A DAY AFTER THAT
LATER
AND THERE'S ONE THING THAT WON'T CAUSE ANY SPATS IN OUR FAMILY...
I KNOW—BAD BREATH! BECAUSE WE'LL BOTH USE COLGATE'S

Most Bad Breath begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its *penetrating* foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. See, too, how much cleaner, brighter Colgate's makes your teeth!

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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

lighted. He was there, and so was Kitty. I barged out again and went to bed.

Next morning our cabins were full of groaning corpses, the blizzard was howling down, and the only two who met me for breakfast were Red and Kitty, enjoying the marble fireplace and a morning cigarette together. Love certainly can work miracles! They were as bright and fresh as two sparrows.

When the blizzard was over, Kitty and her Wolves were off again. As the troop moved away, Red turned and beat it for the hangars. Two minutes later he was roaring up into the sky. When he overtook the troop, he circled around, dived at them, and let go a message with red-and-white streamer attached. Kitty blew him a kiss in reply and he came back—more or less satisfied.

After our one strafing expedition, the Red planes had prudently withdrawn from active winter service. We had to fall back on plain mechanical work, such as bombing, machine-gunning, and putting armored trains out of commission. I remember one train very well.

We had finished bombing a bridge when we sighted a train going away hell-bent for safety. The smoke from the funnel uncoiled like a wide strip of black velvet against the white snow, as the engine with its three gray-turreted cars rumbled along the rails.

Once we got close in, they could not elevate their guns high enough. So we dived, leveled out close, slowed down to their speed, and chased them along the track, to let them think they were having a run for it.

We could see the firemen frantically shoveling coal. The engineer's head would pop anxiously out and in at his window, like the bird in a cuckoo clock, as he took looks at us. We would slow down and let them run ahead, then open up and catch them, waving down in a friendly way. They refused to wave back, however.

A green Very light arched from Kink's cockpit, and we formed line ahead. Climbing above the concussion range of our bombs, we laid our sights along the line. Kink wiggled his wings and let go his load. We followed in close order. That train rolled prettily off the rails and lay smoking and steaming in the snow. Finished.

We reformed and started for home. I was flying well out on the wing when I sighted a Red caravan of camels and carts crawling over the horizon.

I CLIMBED to get a longer interval of fire in the dive. However, I was not serious about it. I merely intended to kick up the snow and see the convoy scatter, for no soldiers were in sight. So I dived in leisurely fashion and started to take a nice long-distance shot.

Pop-pop—nothing doing. The subzero cold had congealed the oil, and my guns were dead. Then I started to pull out of the dive—and could not. My metal map case had come off its hooks and fallen, jamming the stick. I had about ten seconds to think where I would crash.

And right then, in a thousandth part of the time it takes to tell, a tarpaulin fell off a cart and a machine gun came into sight and opened at me point-blank. A bullet plunked through the wing and nicked the main spar. Another tore a jagged hole in the starboard aileron. A fuselage bracing wire set up a hum that tickled my spine like an electric vibrator.

Somewhere another and another gun came out of hiding and opened up. All the while I was diving straight for the snow with the damned map case wedged fast. Think? I had no time to think. I was already dead.

Then a lucky kick freed the stick. Wow! Back it came, and I was right on top of those carts. Three machine guns and uncounted rifles were whanging away; I could see the rolling eyes in the whiskered faces, the red-starred caps of commissars, the sudden frantic scattering as they thought I was going to smash into them. I did not clear them by more than a dozen feet at that.

Then I went home; and never was a drink more welcome or worse needed. That sturdy little Camel was as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

WE had been at Kotluban nearly a month, and were looking forward to Moscow when November came around.

All unbeknown to us, however, things were happening. Our "*Na Moskva*" friends had been moving on to Moscow, right enough, but when our armies rolled over the peasants and went on north, they saw themselves put back into the condition of serfs. The Russians treated them like dogs, and the Cossacks were worse. Those peasants had enjoyed a taste of freedom. Consequently they took their axes and rifles and began to kill back of the lines.

And something was happening to Denikine's central army. It had become a pack of wolves whose leaders were fighting each other bitterly over the loot. The only thing anybody thought about—except Baron Wrangel—was looting, drinking, and fornication. Discipline was lost.

The first knowledge we had of it was when General Wrangel was transferred to take command of the central army at Kharkov. He took us and the Kuban Cossacks and went.

We started for the Kharkov front.

We never got there. The main-line tracks were congested with endless trains headed south, packed to the platforms with white-faced men and women. We made our way from station to station and came to the lonely station of Kupiansk, some versts away from the village of that name.

The front, so far as we knew, was a hundred miles farther on. We were still looking forward to Moscow; our Cossacks had reached to within a hundred and twenty miles of that prize penny. Then, when we piled into the station, the stolid stationmaster informed us through his whiskers that we could stop right here. There was no more telegraph. Wrangel was lost in the vortex. The Reds had captured Kharkov and smashed through our lines right and left. There was no longer a headquarters; there was no longer a front; there was not even an army. As Whiskers put it, the world had come to an end.

Unluckily for us, it happened that the last orders we had received were to stay there at Kupiansk. So we stayed.

Miles of stalled trains full of refugees and fugitive White soldiers! Pestilence rampant, the Reds closing in—and B Flight sticking grimly to its cars on a siding! What followed, as next week's installment will disclose, was a continuous nightmare, sickening to experience in real life, as Captain Aten and his comrades did, but enthralling to read about.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 15

1—No; they are a species of bat.

2—A table of contents is usually a list of the chapter headings or matter in numerical order: an index is generally an alphabetical list of the topics, names, etc., in the book.

3—Walter Johannes Damrosch, who, on May 17, 1890, married Margaret J. Blaine, daughter of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State under Garfield and Harrison.

4—It was the name of the airplane in which Admiral Byrd flew over the North Pole in 1926.

5—No; insignia is the plural of insigne.

6—The British Commonwealth of Nations.

7—Eddie Cantor.

8—No; he is a person who does literary work for another person who takes the credit.

9—Seven days and seventeen hours. It was carried by pony express from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, which is more than 1,400 miles.

10—An alligator is a crocodile of the genus *Alligator* and allied genera; a ligator is an instrument for placing and fastening a ligature.

11—Neither. Strictly speaking, it is an apparatus for measuring the speed of a ship through the water; hence a record of a ship's cruise or voyage; a logbook.

12—No; it is the complement of eggs that a bird lays before sitting; a brood.

13—Neither; it is a weighing device; a form of balance.

14—A perch.

15—Radiators: a building radiator heats; an automobile radiator cools.

16—Archbishop John McCloskey of New York was created a cardinal in 1875.

17—Misallience should be misalliance.

18—You, ewe, yew.

19—In January, 1934, radios were said to be in 17,948,162 homes.

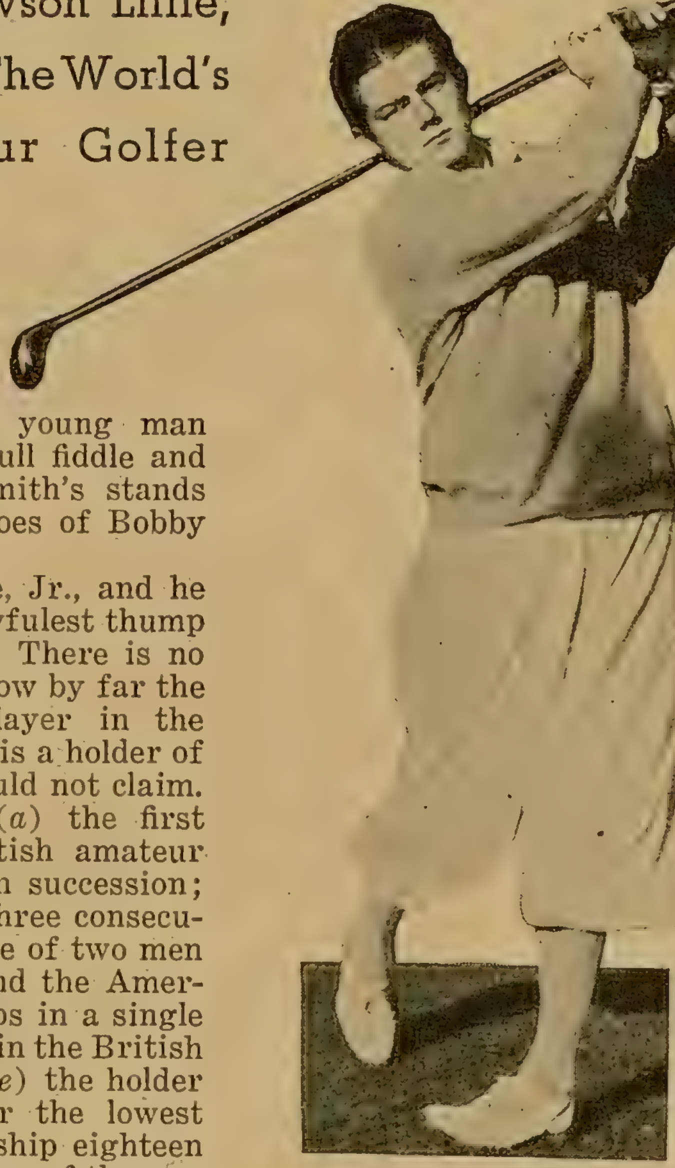
20—Biannually means twice a year; biennially means once every two years.

Tarzan of the TEES

A Close-up of Lawson Little, Man of Mystery—The World's Greatest Amateur Golfer

by DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



A CHERUBIC-FACED young man with a torso like a bull fiddle and wrists like a blacksmith's stands today in the capacious shoes of Bobby Jones.

He is W. Lawson Little, Jr., and he hits a golf ball the gosh-awfulest thump of any man in the game. There is no one to gainsay that he is now by far the greatest amateur golf player in the world. At twenty-four he is a holder of records that even Jones could not claim.

Chronologically, he is (*a*) the first American to win the British amateur championship two years in succession; (*b*) the first man to win three consecutive amateur titles; (*c*) one of two men to win both the British and the American amateur championships in a single year; (*d*) one of three to win the British title in successive years; (*e*) the holder of the all-time record for the lowest score made in a championship eighteen at match play; (*f*) the holder of the record for the greatest margin of victory in a championship final.

Add that in his first serious go at the British open, at Muirfield in June of this year, he tied for fourth place and led all amateurs. Add, too, that he opened play with a round of 75 and finished with a 69, an amateur record for the course; that his finish was the best ever made by an American amateur, excepting Bobby Jones, in the British open, and that he shot a 289 over one of Scotland's most difficult courses.

Altogether, Little is at once the mystery and the toast of a game that abounds in mysteries. He was born in gilded Newport, Rhode Island, but on a government military post. His father was an officer at Fort Adams, dependent on his army pay, and it was 1911, when in America golf was still one with caviar, yachts, and private swimming pools. None the less Captain William Lawson Little determined that his newborn son was to be a golfing champion. It wasn't long before the captain was transferred to Wyoming. There, far from any golf course, the boy started swinging a club, and he kept on swinging it through Dakota, Texas, Oklahoma, and southern Georgia.

Ordered to China, his father, now Major Little, took Lawson and Lawson's charming young mother. In Tientsin the golf course proved to be an ancient Chinese cemetery, and there among the decaying tombs Lawson took up his golf education.

Called back, the major became Lieutenant Colonel Little and landed at a post in Washington State. A high-school boy, Lawson caddied and began casting envious eyes at tournament competition. It was not until 1929 that he won his first tournament of consequence, annexing the Northern California title. Meanwhile, after playing and beating him in the Western amateur in 1927, Chick Evans had said, "That kid's going to be our greatest amateur some day. It won't be many years, either."

Little appeared at Pebble Beach in 1929 as a competitor in the national amateur. In the first round he met Philips Finlay. On the first tee Finlay whacked a drive 300 yards down the fairway. Little teed up a ball, waved his driver twice, and cut loose. The ball came to a stop fifteen yards beyond Finlay's. The youngster won the match, one up. While he was doing so, Johnny Goodman, a pencil-necked waif from Omaha, was beating the great Bobby Jones in the first round, 2 and 1!

Goodman then took a 2-1 beating from Little, who went into the third round and lost to Francis Ouimet.

He had a brief moment at Merion in 1930, eliminating Dr. O. F. Willing in the first round. He was now just nineteen, and women dropped all other matches to fall into the rapidly growing galleries in his wake. Alas, he was shortly to take a beating at Gene Homans's hands!

He failed to qualify for the amateur in 1931, and in 1932 Johnny Fischer stopped him in the first round. He went back to California, devoted himself for a year to improving his game—and succeeded in falling from No. 1 on the Stanford golf team to No. 3. After that he started to Cincinnati for the national amateur with an admitted feeling of utter hopelessness.

At Cincinnati he found his game overnight and swept into the semifinals. He lost there, but only because George Dunlap, Jr., was playing inspired golf.

That showing put him on the 1934 Walker Cup team. What he did in England scarcely requires retelling. Even less strenuous opposition blocked his way to the American amateur crown, save only in his final match, in which he downed David Goldman by a count of 8 up and 7 to play.

Two months before, he had climbed off a boat in Boston, hurried to Philadelphia, and entered the national open to lead every entered amateur at the finish, and to top some of the greatest pros in the country as well.

What is the secret of this laughing giant's power?

Undoubtedly he is the world's longest and most accurate driver. Undoubtedly his short game is one of the finest in golf. There's something more. It's a complete power of relaxing before a big tournament and then concentrating until the final hole is played. When the hour arrives he seems suddenly to pull everything out of thin air and go chuckling and swinging his shoulders over eighteen holes of well-nigh perfect golf.

THE END

Afraid to Marry

by ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. MITCHELL

"Men Go Mad for Women Like You" . . . Now Comes the Surprising Finale in This Vivid Story of Lives Strangely Tangled by Love

READING TIME ● 34 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

DO *you* know Anna's husband?" Mrs. Belden cried shrilly. "Is he alive now?"

Ratcliff closed his eyes.

"He's alive, madam—though he has no great wish to be," he said with difficulty.

"Papa—Anna—do you hear that? Where is he, for heaven's sake?"

Grandmother Belden spoke up positively. "He was here just before dinner," she said. "Anna and her papa were talking to him." She was looking about the table. And now she looked up at Ratcliff, sitting beside her.

"Why, there he is now!" she cried brightly.

"Mother!" said Genevieve piercingly. "Did you know this?"

"Not a word," gasped Mrs. Belden.

"Who did know? Did Anna know?"

"Genevieve," said Jim, with authority, "isn't it likely that Anna did know, for heaven's sake? It was she who married him, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Mrs. Belden helplessly, and cried: "Martin—Matilda! You two must have known! That must have been why you brought him down here!"

Mitty folded her hands across her stomach and turned her head, chin up—one of the few common mannerisms, Martin thought, that she had.

"But we knew not one thing!" she cried, chopping off her words. "Now, see, Martin—what did I tell you? No! We knew nothing—nothing—nothing of any of Mr. Ratcliff's marriages!"

Ratcliff looked over at Mitty and lifted his eyebrows extravagantly.

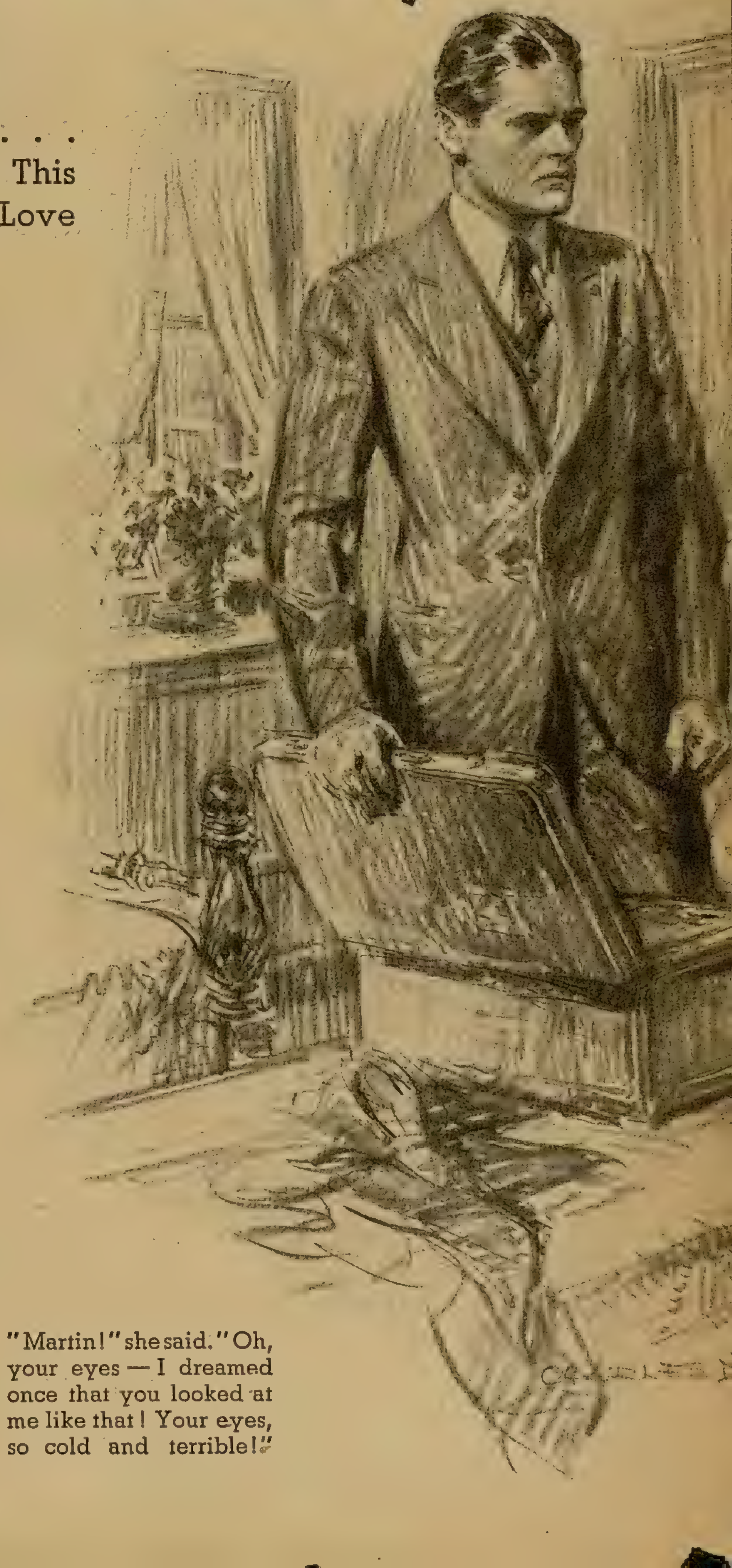
"As little," he said, "as I or any one—*n'est-ce pas?*—know of your wedding, *Mrs.* Belden."

"*I* thought," Matthew Belden said absorbedly, "it'd be better to throw him out at once. But Anna thought—"

"Throw him out!" cried Mrs. Belden. "Without any money settlement? I should think not! We've got him now."

They were all out of their chairs now, except Mitty, who sat back, her eyebrows arched, and looked from one to another. Anna stood, leaning upon her crutches, her beautiful face strange and distorted, her eyes on her husband.

"Tell me this!" she said. "When I wrote to you—when I begged you to send me some word—any word—did you have those letters? Did you have them?"



"Martin!" she said. "Oh, your eyes — I dreamed once that you looked at me like that! Your eyes, so cold and terrible!"

"I was abroad—I don't think that I did," came from Ratcliff.

"You don't *think* that you did—oh, God!" said Anna.

"Oh, my poor, poor child!" Mrs. Belden breathed. In her face for a moment was a nobility, was something of the majesty of motherhood. But immediately her expression became indignant again.

"I've told you all I know about this," Ratcliff said sullenly. "I wanted to get away."

"Why, you scoundrel!" cried Jim in a squeaky voice.

"At least I took the trouble to marry her," said Ratcliff, and turned and looked across Grandma Belden's head at Martin.

"God Almighty!" cried Belden. "Had you no shame for your duty? Not even to write to say you were done—" He shook his great head, his hair all fallen on his forehead.

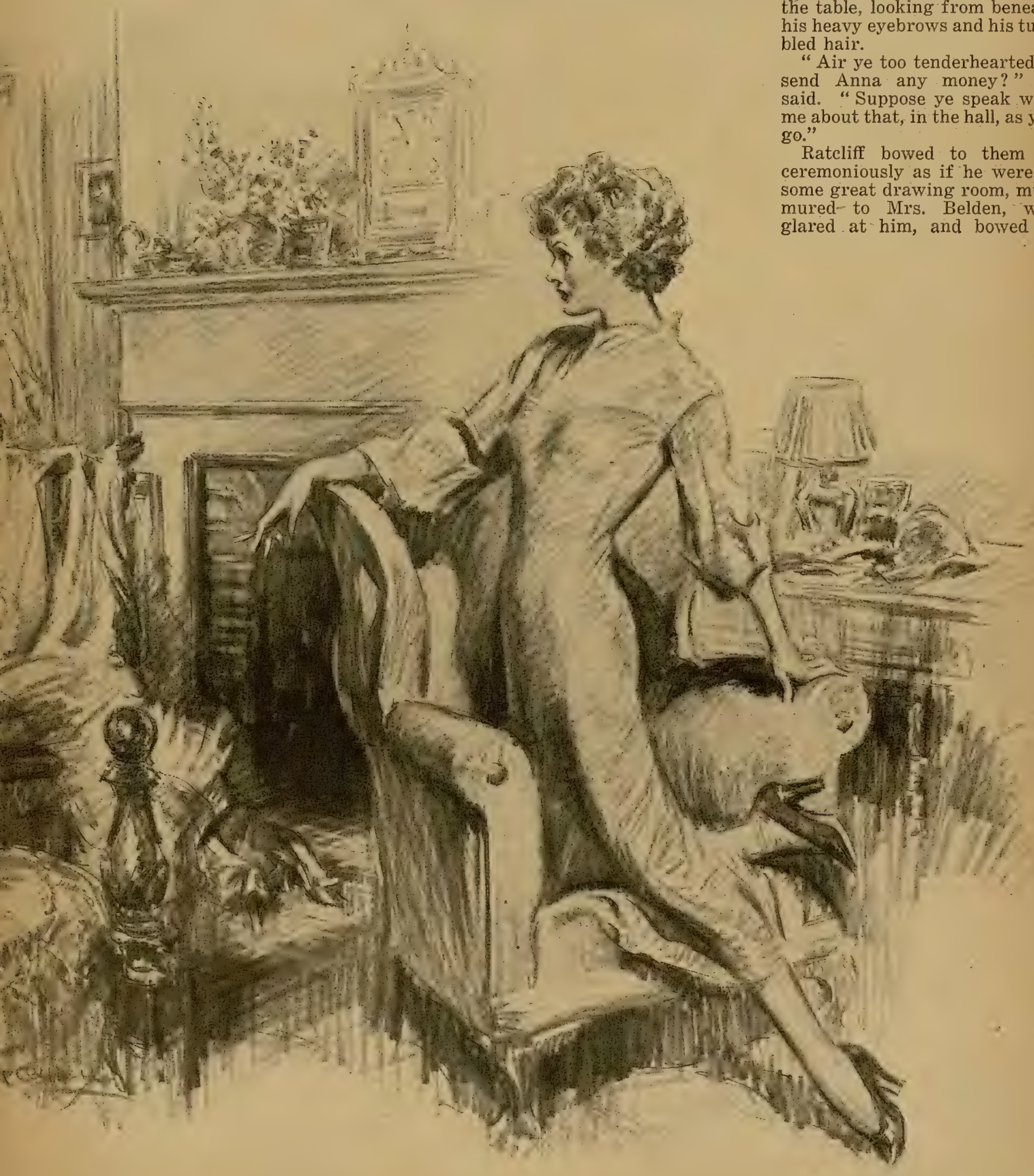
In the midst of the agitation of the others—even of Mitty now, who watched Ratcliff through her eyelashes, as if he were a cat who might spring—in the midst of all, Ratcliff's voice sounded with an effect of clarity and reason.

"Have you ever tried to write a letter like that?" he demanded. "Oh, I don't say, did you never want to write such a letter—plenty of men have wanted to badly enough. At first I tried to write, but I couldn't do it. I'm a tenderhearted fool, I guess," said Ratcliff.

Matthew Belden leaned on the table, looking from beneath his heavy eyebrows and his tumbled hair.

"Air ye too tenderhearted to send Anna any money?" he said. "Suppose ye speak with me about that, in the hall, as you go."

Ratcliff bowed to them as ceremoniously as if he were in some great drawing room, murmured to Mrs. Belden, who glared at him, and bowed to



Anna, who did not lift her eyes. He followed Matthew to the door. . . .

They all went back to the living room, all save Matthew Belden. Jim sat down beside Grandmother Belden, who was on a davenport searching for something in the deep pocket of her underskirt. They heard Ratcliff come down the stairs, and then the murmur of the voices of Belden and Ratcliff came from the hall.

Mitty and Martin and Billy had gone to the piano. Billy sat on the stool and the others sat near him. Billy's hands rested on the keys. Presently Mitty said:

"Why not play? Why shouldn't you play, Billy?"

Martin got up and strolled about the room. Mitty came beside him and drew him to a window.

"Martin," she said, "I'm miserable—and frightened."

"We can't help anything now," said Martin dully.

"But Penny Ratcliff—who ever thought he knew? How *did* he know?"

"Everybody knows everything," said Martin. "Also everybody guesses right."

They had drawn back the draperies and stood staring out at the pale landscape.

"Ratcliff's whole crowd must know—or suspect," Mitty said. "Nobody ever said anything."

"They don't *care*," said Martin.

"No, I suppose they don't. But, Martin, it would be too terrible to have these people—your people—know! Right on the heels of all this for Anna."

"What do you expect me to say to that?" Martin asked.

She held her chin very high and marched away, and back to Billy, still at the piano.

"Billy," she said, "I'm lonely. Lonely and somehow terribly unhappy."

Billy's hands stopped playing the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata.

"That'll come afterward for me," he said. "Just now I'm happier than I've ever been in my life."

"Just because I'm here?" she demanded. It was as if she were avid to hear him say it—avid for the warmth and comfort of his adulation.

"Because I love you so much," he said.

She wanted also, it seemed, the warmth and comfort of an argument about it.

"Now that is absurd! No one can love any one in such a little, little time!"

"You said you adored me from the first."

She was unable to resist the warmth and comfort of this, either.

"And so I did," she said, and met his eyes.

A MOMENT of silence chanced to fall upon the room; and they could all hear Matthew Belden's voice lifted in the hall.

"This is horrible, horrible!" Anna cried. "How can father—"

Mrs. Belden's inner reproaching voice was now worsted. "My dear," she said firmly, "your father is probably going to lose this place, as you know. What will you do then? I'm sure you don't wish to be a burden on him—" She stopped at last. Anna was silenced. Genevieve added: "Of course, dear, that's the common-sense way to look at it." And Jim, over by grandmother, said loudly: "Mother Belden takes a very sensible view."

"I wish to God," said Billy, low, "we could go out on the porch. Do you think we could?"

"We can do anything in this world we wish to," Mitty said positively. "That is my doctrine."

The two stepped through the long window.

"The far end of the porch," Billy said. "Let's get there—so that I won't hear dad going on and going on to that man. Why doesn't he get rid of him?"

Mitty said tensely: "Until he leaves this place I shall not breathe freely."

Billy looked at her curiously.

"You feel our trouble so much?" he asked.

"We brought him here—Martin and I. I don't know how on earth we ever came to do that. Only because he wished to buy a farm—think of it! And all this follows."

Billy's hands closed over hers.

"All this shouldn't touch you," he said. "You shouldn't have to know about such things! You're exquisite and pure—"

Releasing her hands, she beat them together softly and held them against her eyes.

"Everything—it is so simple!" she cried. "And we go and tie it up in the most horrible knots! Why do we do that?"

"It isn't so simple for me to love you," said Billy. "Mitty, listen. I've never spoken like this to any one. But my life—it has been nothing to me—nothing! Here at home—you see what it is. My mother isn't human—she isn't human. Dad's great—but we can't talk. I don't know why—I expect it's because he thinks he has to tell me what to do. You can't get near to a person like that. He doesn't understand me—he doesn't understand people at all. All he understands is something he calls righteousness. For eight years—since I was eleven—Anna has been as you see her now—dead. An angel, of course—but dead. And there's grandma, crazy as a loon. And me expected to call that home!"

She gave a little cry. "Oh, darling!" she said. She heard a stir and the turn of a latch and looked anxiously at the front door down at the end of the porch.

She broke away from him and went running toward the lighted window. He overtook her, caught her roughly, and drew her to the shadow of the wall.

"Dear heart," he said boyishly, "just once—it's no wrong to Martin—once."

HE kissed her once and again and again. And quite sweetly, and merely as if she were accustomed to kissing when it was required of her, she kissed him.

"All my life," said Billy, "in that minute."

The front door opened.

Mitty stepped inside the living room and went swiftly to Martin.

"Martin," she said, "he's leaving now—Ratcliff. We must say something to him, don't you think? After all, he came up here because we invited him."

Martin got up. "I expect so," he said.

They went to the hall door. Matthew Belden stood there, his broad back filling the outer doorway.

"Oh, Ratcliff," Martin called.

Ratcliff turned toward them, his face white.

"Take the car and go back in it," Martin bade him. "We'll come down on the train."

"Thanks, no," said Ratcliff. "I'll have a taxi here in a minute."

"I'll hurry it on," said Matthew Belden. "It's the least I can do," and turned indoors.

Mitty came and stood beside Martin on the porch. Ratcliff was on a lower step, looking up.

"Penny," said Mitty, "I'm terribly sorry to have got you into this."

"You needn't be," said Ratcliff. "It had to come, sooner or later. Funny thing, though, isn't it, how things come about? I'd never heard of you, Belden, till I heard about you and Mitty—"

"Yes, yes," said Mitty rapidly, looking over her shoulder. "And then you asked us to the party—"

"And then I told you about the farm—" said Martin.

"And there was the whole damn setup," said Ratcliff. "Nobody's fault. I had it coming, I suppose. Sorry it was your sister, Belden—and Mitty's—well, anybody you're mixed up with, Mitty. You're all right. You must forgive me for having a little fun with you in there —I wouldn't do you a bad turn, really. Or any one," he added, and looked about as if he believed this.

Up the road from Kittyclaw came the chug and knock of a car.

Mitty went to the top of the steps where Martin was standing, and he put his arm about her. She spoke softly, but her clear tones sounded with enormous distinctness.

"Don't think I don't know," said Mitty, "what you've done up here—by keeping still. If I had thought that you knew—I shouldn't have let Martin ask you up here. I had no idea you knew."

"That you aren't married?"

"Careful, Mitty," Martin said low.

She glanced over her shoulder.

“They're all busy,” she said, and turned to Ratcliff.

“By the way,” said Ratcliff, “I'm curious. Why don't you—if you don't mind the inquiry?”

“Marry?” said Mitty.

“Yes.”

“Oh, it is too complicated!” she cried. “Martin would—but I cannot be bothered and bored. So many wives bore me—I refuse, I refuse to bore others. I refuse to bore Martin! He would not really, really like me as a wife—would you now, Martin?”

“Don't, Mitty,” Martin said.

“Well, I wondered—that was all,” said Ratcliff. “Good-by! Sorry the spree ended so badly.”

Mitty called her good-bys, Martin was silent, and the cab got away. They stood watching it down the drive.

“Thank God,” said Mitty, “he got away without bringing on anything worse. Martin, suppose he had let us down.”

“I'd like us to get in that old cab and go to Kittyclaw and be married tonight,” said Martin.

“Now, once for all,” said Mitty, “standing on your own doorstep under the shadow of the Kitty's paw—is that it?—I will not marry you. I love you too well!”

They turned, and they heard a step forward, and there stood Billy, not two steps away.

“Mitty!” he cried. “Martin—*Mitty!* Is it true?”

“Billy!” Mitty cried. “Don't look so! It's nothing.”

“Tell me,” Billy said tensely. “I have a right to know.”

Martin took control and said roughly:

“Don't be a young fool! What do you know of these things?”

As he replied, Billy's look did not leave Mitty's face.

“Nothing,” he said, “except what she said. I didn't mean to hear. I was still on the porch. It's true, then?” he said to Mitty.

Mitty came and stood close to Billy and touched his coat. He stood still, hardly breathing; and then he drew back from her.

“Billy!” she cried. “Martin *wants* to marry me—he's begged me to marry him. But I won't—I can't—”

“You don't love him? Then why—”

“Of course I love him! You talk like the Bible. I love him and want to be with him—but my work comes first.”

“I want to marry her, God knows,” said Martin. “Don't you see, Billy, I've hoped in time that she would. And meanwhile—”

Billy wheeled from them and stumbled down the steps and across the drive. They heard his wrenching sobs; then the darkness gathered him in.

“The young fool!” said Martin.

ABRUPTLY Mitty turned on him. “Why is he a young fool?” she cried. “It seems he thinks of this exactly—but exactly!—as you do!”

Martin was silent.

She stormed at him in her clear voice.

“I was right!” she cried. “It is I who was right. We should never have come here. You can't put decent ideas into people like yours!”

“For God's sake,” said Martin, “let's try to get through the day without anything else happening.”

Mrs. Belden's voice came shrilly from the hall:

“Where are you young folks? We're waiting for you. Come in! We want to decide about the christening.” . . .

In their room, where, when Martin came upstairs, Mitty was still at rituals of brush and cream, he said to her:

“What makes you say no about the christening, Mitty?”

She turned to him a face which would have been tragic, save for the sheen of cold cream over it and the towel about her neck.

“Because I am not fit, so it seems.”

“But you think everything is quite all right.”

“I do, certainly.”

“Then why not go by that?”

Mitty rubbed at her face vigorously with the towel.

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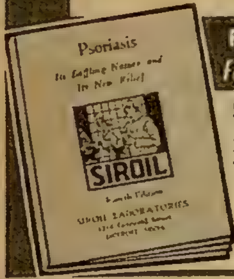

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"Because I think a christening is a nonsense," she said.

He stood back of her chair and studied her face in the mirror.

"Well," he said, "we think of things very differently. God knows why we love each other."

She met his eyes in the mirror. She stared at him so long that now he wondered whether she was deciding that she didn't love him.

"Wait, Martin," she said.

She wiped the cold cream from her face and got up. She put her arms about him and stood tiptoe and laid her cheek upon his.

"But," she said, "thinking is nothing. Loving is everything."

He thought of this again, standing in the garden in the early light the following morning and looking at Kittyhammer, dark purple and gold.

One of the long windows from the living room opened and his mother came hurrying out.

"Martin!" she cried, and at some note in her voice he began to walk toward her. "Martin! Billy—he's not been in the house all night!" . . .

Around the breakfast table, in the room with the six long windows, they told one another that it was probably all right—that Billy had gone for a walk and got belated and had dropped in somewhere.

Mitty came in. It was hours earlier than she was accustomed to rise, and there was about her an authentic freshness, a kind of morning mist, which made her twice as lovely. Her yellow knit dress was the color of her hair. The clasp of her wrist watch was caught in some way, and she sat down and stretched out her hand to Martin as he placed her chair.

"I had such terrible dreams," she said. "About darkness—only darkness."

"You hadn't heard about Billy?" Mrs. Belden demanded severely.

"What about him? Oh—that he wasn't home all night? But what of that?"

Mrs. Belden and Genevieve looked blank and said, "I should think a great deal!" and "Well, of all things."

Mitty went on, her arm still lifted: "Billy, I hope he has climbed the entire Kitty's paw all night long. Think what an occupation."

LEST some one should argue this point, Martin said hurriedly: "I have something good to tell you. Mitty has agreed to be godmother this morning."

"That's a good lass," said Matthew Belden.

"I thought she would," said Genevieve complacently, and patted her son in the chair beside her. "Want Mitsie for its godmother?" she demanded of Walter, who instead of replying ate oatmeal.

After breakfast, when Mitty followed Martin to the porch, she found him standing outside the front door as they had stood the night before.

"Mitty," he said, "you know how Billy broke away from us—here, last night? You don't think—"

"Oh, when you are nineteen you ar always tragic," she said composedly. She added: "Martin, could we get a photographer up here? Since they make me do it, I should like a picture of me, with that baby, for my publicity." She stretched out her arms and began to say those lines of her new part: "'When have I ever called my own my own?'"

"All the same," said Martin, "I'm worried about the kid." . . .

The minister arrived, a plump white man with soft hands.

Quarter to ten, and Billy had not arrived. Three or four women of the neighborhood arrived in silk afternoon dresses, and Mrs. Belden and Genevieve changed to figured foulards.

Mitty looked about the room, at those worn, weathered-looking women, with their hands showing evidences of their lives of work; she saw Jim come in, with Walter on his arm; then she saw Matthew Belden enter, his hair neatly brushed. And on no more than this, she got up and ran out of the room, with a word to Martin to follow her.

"MARTIN," she said, "your father—I can't bear it. I can't go through with it!"

"But, my dear—"

"He wouldn't want me—he wouldn't have me here if he knew!"

Martin took hold of her, forced her to look at him.

"You say *you* feel all right about this. Go on with it—don't hurt him by refusing."

"I feel that *he* might come back—there in the midst of the christening—Billy might come back—and tell them all!"

Mrs. Belden's voice came from the living-room door:

"Martin! Where's Matilda? It's almost five minutes past. Walter's getting his hair all mussed up."

"I'm coming," said Mitty abruptly, and as Mrs. Belden went back, "Oh, Lord, now I can go on with it," said Mitty. "I shall almost *like* to fool your mother, Martin! If only your father weren't there."

As they entered the living room, Genevieve began playing Can a Little Child Like Me at the piano. . . .

Mitty stood, slim and straight, with little Walter in his father's arms beside her. Technically he was standing on the arm of a chair, for he was a fat baby of appreciable weight. His hair was yellow, like Mitty's, and curled about his face.

Mitty looked an angel, looked virginal, exquisite. Her dark lashes, as she glanced down at the child, lay upon her clear-colored cheek and her lips were parted like his own. Martin sat beside his father and they both watched her.

"A fine woman, Martin," said his father. "Nothing but nobility in her face." Matthew continued to watch her and presently added: "Ye made no mistake."

"Why not go ahead?" said Mrs. Belden impatiently. "There's no use waiting for Billy. He's probably forgotten all about it."

Through the saying of the prayer and the collects Mitty stood with downcast eyes, save when, in the midst of these, the photographer was heard to arrive heavily upon the front porch, and then she sent to Martin a gratified glance.

Then the Rev. Mr. Thurwachter began to read sonorously:

"And thou, Child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways."

As he read, a hush fell upon the little company. Through the whole time Martin had been in a growing nostalgia—a sickness for the ordered, simple, the open, that had been established by men and women in their relationships. It seemed to him inconceivably precious—the right that people had developed to go through the simple ceremonies of living. He knew that he had placed himself outside all this, that he had bartered away a hard-won inheritance—for Mitty.

Mitty was looking up now, prettily startled, as the Rev. Mr. Thurwachter turned and addressed her:

"'Dost thou,'" said he abruptly to Mitty—"'dost thou, in the name of this Child, renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them?'"

He thrust toward her the prayer book and with a smooth pink finger pointed to the passage of her response.

Mitty took the book, shot a frightened glance toward Martin, and read in her rich voice:

"'I renounce them all; and, by God's help, I will endeavor not to follow, nor be led by them.'"

SHE read in her beautiful contralto much as she would have read at some rehearsal lines which she had not seen before and to which she gave not too much heed, not yet knowing their context.

"'Wilt thou,'" pursued the Rev. Mr. Thurwachter benignly, himself reading from memory and leaving the prayer book in Mitty's hand—"'wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?'"

"'I will,'" said Mitty, "'by God's help.'"

Then she threw up her closed hand and laid it against her lips, and her look, wide and frightened, went to Martin.

As she lifted her eyes, there, inside the long windows, she saw Billy standing. He was looking at her, his eyes immovably upon her face. He bore the appearance of having been there for some time, listening.

She stared back at him, and seemed to be not aware of Martin, abruptly leaning forward in his chair, as if startled by her look.

Now the minister was lifting his short fat arm, curved in benediction.

". . . bless you, make his face to shine upon you, give you peace . . ."

Mitty's look was on Martin, was on the impersonal face and kind eyes of Matthew Belden, so complacently looking on, and her look went back to Billy, standing by the long window and watching her.

And suddenly she had taken her arm from about the child, and dropped the prayer book on the floor, and had cried out:

"No, no! I shall be punished for this! I am not worthy—I am not worthy!"

MARTIN sprang forward saying, "She's ill—she's not herself." There was intense confusion among the women in silk dresses. It was the minister and Jim who succeeded in getting them away and in sending Genevieve upstairs with Walter. Some one brought water, which Mitty waved away. Sitting now on the edge of the high-backed chair, she continued to stare about her, her eyes coming back to Billy, who had not moved.

"Mitty," Martin said, "get hold of yourself. This has nothing for you, you know. It's not much more than superstition for you."

"Is it?" she said, pushing her hair back from her face. "Well, then, I am superstitious! I cannot do this, Martin."

"Now, lass—now, lass," said Matthew Belden, who had come forward and was patting her arm. "There's nothing in this—"

"Your eyes!" cried Mitty, with a sob in her voice—"they are so damned kind!"

Mrs. Belden, who had been incoherent, and who in the midst of things had exclaimed loudly, "Oh, Billy, there you are!" now recovered speech.

"What does she *mean?*" she demanded. "Can't she tell us what she *means?*"

"Yes," said Mitty, "I can tell you what I mean. If you will send away that man."

She threw out her hand toward the Rev. Mr. Thurwachter in a gesture which amounted to a dismissal. "I will not be prayed over!" she cried. "That I will not do."

The minister's wife got up, a little jetted feather on her hat bobbing smartly.

"Robert, really!" she said. "We certainly must be excused."

These two withdrew. Mrs. Belden cried sharply:

"*I* have something to say in this. She owes us some explanation. Why, we don't know whether the baby is really christened, even!"

Mitty spoke to her without looking at her.

"It is not to you that I speak," she said. "I speak to these others—you, Anna, and Martin's father, and Billy—most of all."

Now, from the window, Billy came forward swiftly and stood before her.

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"Mitty," he said, his voice hard and clear, "I've nothing to ask of you—you know that. What's done is done. Nothing can help that. Don't speak out on my account."

"She has been a bad woman!" cried Mrs. Belden. "Martin, if this gets out—"

"Hush, hush!" said Matthew Belden. "No more of that, Bella!"

Mitty stood erect, one folded hand upon her mouth. Now she put both hands upon her head and threw it back.

"I'm not married to Martin," she said.

They had not thought of this—Mrs. Belden's sharp scream proclaimed that, at her worst, she had not thought of this. Matthew, standing with folded arms, bent his great head and said nothing, and stood so, with closed eyes. "Oh, my dear," said Anna, and said no more. But Mrs. Belden spoke up as if she thought that she was speaking for them all.

"And you came here," she cried, "you and Martin, into our home—like *that*—"

Mitty said: "Martin is all right. He is virtually married to me. It is I who am not married to him. I should not have come—you were so kind." She stretched out her hand to Matthew and Anna and Billy. "You believed so that you know all the right in the world and that I belonged where you do—I should not have tried to be here with you—"

"That isn't it!" cried Bella Belden. "That's the least of it. It's the wickedness itself. What have you to say of that?"

"Why, nothing," said Mitty.

"'Nothing'!" cried Mrs. Belden shrilly. "She has nothing to say—"

"I do not think of this as you do," Mitty began, and looked at Billy. "I do not know what I think!" she cried. "I come down here, sure of my life, sure of what I want to do—and then this Billy—he is so exquisite—but so exquisite!—and so shot to pieces by anything that happens to be different from his ideas—ah, I hate those people who are so sure of their own ideas! But you—" She looked at Matthew. "It isn't your ideas—it is your eyes. I can fight ideas but I cannot fight eyes, it seems! And then that 'I will—*by God's help*'! I knew at once if I said that it would bring me bad luck. Anything might happen—perhaps even I would not get the part, after all, for Chicago. You see, Martin, I should never have come!"

Mitty subsided in the big chair, a small yellow figure with drooping head.

"Martin," said Mrs. Belden. "My poor, poor boy! You have been taken in by an adventurist."

Something in Billy snapped. "For the Lord's sake," he said, "don't put a *t* on that word!"

At that instant the door opened and Genevieve appeared with another glass of water, Jim peering over her shoulder.

"Is water wanted?" Genevieve asked in a hushed voice.

MRS. BELDEN tiptoed over and closed the door softly, and with an air of immense relish turned and repeated the words, nakedly savoring their thrill:

"Children, Martin and Matilda are not married *at all*."

In their stupefied silence Martin spoke.

"This is nothing," he said, "that you can understand. We have made a mistake. We thought—but never mind that now. We'll go now. I'm sorry. Come, Mitty."

She got up. "Billy, don't look at me so," she said, with all her foreign short *o*'s in play. "And your father—he will kill me! And Anna—to you we brought that pig—oh, already the bad luck, it was working! I know it—I know I shall never get that part in Chicago—"

"Well, I do think—" Mrs. Belden began, when they all heard on the veranda a heavy step.

"Martin," Mitty said, "is that the photographer leaving? As long as he's here we might as well—of course it can't be the baby now, but a photograph at a country place is always—"

At the door she turned.

"Good-by," she said. "You have given me so much—I've brought you only sorrow. Believe it, I have enjoyed every moment here with you—of course, until this morning."

"Oh, God," said Billy, "this is the worst of all!"

The door closed on Mrs. Belden's shouting voice:

"Well, I think, of all the brazen hussies!" . . . .

Martin went up to his room. On the stretch of grass below the windows Mitty was posing for the photographer. Against the pale greens of the garden and orchard she made a figure like a wood creature, compact of yellow sunlight from hair to hem.

"Now, how would it be *so?*" he heard her rich voice. "And one I should like with a part of this lovely old house showing—perhaps as if I were just coming out from it? I wish there were some dogs—there is no-thing like a photograph of one's self at one's country place with dogs. Of course this is not my country place, but it is that of my husband's father. Suppose I stand here—so—do you think?"

Martin turned away.

She was down there, posing for her publicity, quite as if nothing had happened.

HE stood looking about the room which had been his. Here in this room, how differently he had dreamed! Of a woman who should be wise and tender, some one who should help him over hard places, smooth the way for him—above all, who herself should be whole and upstanding.

All that he had denied from the first, and that had crystallized in the fantastic scene downstairs, now came gathering over him and engulfing Mitty.

When she came upstairs, Martin had finished his packing. She came in and threw herself down.

"I think we got something good," she said. "Martin—fold my things. You do fold my things so beau-ti-fully."

He went and stood by her, looking down at her bright head and her smooth childish face.

"Some mothers bear them like you," he said.

"There are others like me?" she said. "Thank you, Martin! Not very flattering, one would say!"

Seeing something else in his face, her own clouded and she cried:

"Martin, I can never, ne-ver forgive myself that I came down here—and did something to Billy—and to your father. I had a feeling not to come, didn't I? I am usually right in those feelings, Martin."

"Mitty," he interrupted, "haven't you any feeling, really, that Billy—and father—may be right?"

"Of course anybody may be right," she said readily. "But I have to go by what I feel—*I, I, I!*"

"Why do you?" he asked gravely.

She stretched up her arms to him.

"Oh, Martin," she said, "you ask such queer questions. I never understand you. Perhaps that is why I love you. I do love you, Martin—*so* much."

He continued to look down at her.

"Mothers bear them like you," he said, "and sometimes men go mad about you. But something happens sometimes, thank God, to let us see you as you are."

She laughed up at him impudently.

"And how do you know I am not the ve-ry best there is?"

"How do I know," he said, "that fire is not the material to build a house with?"

"You just said a nonsense," she rebuked him gravely. "It is not worthy of you."

"What we have done," he said, "is not worthy of either of us."

He turned away from her and said:

"Mitty. Downstairs there, and just now when you were out on the lawn with the photographer, I knew at last that it's no good. I'm done."

"Done?" she said. "Done about what?"

"You."

"You mean that we—separate?"

"I mean that I leave you."

"Now, Martin, this is too bad of you, to begin all this again—up here—now—when I am so shattered—"

He laughed. "'Shattered'! That's excellent. You were never shattered about a thing in your life except a hurt to your vanity. That's the only reason my leaving you will shatter you—if it does."

"But why on earth should you leave me, Martin?" she cried shrilly.

"Because," he shouted at her, "you're a half-born child who'll do nothing but harm to everybody you touch! I knew that—but I love you, God help me!"

At that word she brightened.

"Of course we love each other, Martin. Isn't that the greatest thing of all?"

"No!" he thundered. "That's rot for the kind of love you can give!"

"Why, Martin," she said. "Why, Martin—"

She got up and came and stood before him, held his face in her hands, tried to look in his eyes. At first he looked steadfastly over her head; but then he looked down at her, met her eyes, and stood so, meeting her eyes and silent.

"Martin!" she said. "Oh, your eyes— Oh, I dreamed once that you looked at me like that! Oh, God, you will kill me! Your eyes, so cold and terrible—Martin!" She ended abruptly on a low note of mere grievance: "Don't look at me so! You do not mean it!"

"I do mean it," he said, "so help me—"

"You are going to leave me?"

"I'm going to leave you—now—today. When we get back to New York."

"You could do that and ne-ver see me any more?"

"I never want to see you any more."

He wondered, once, how he could do this, how he had the power. But now, when she began methodically to try to soften him, her arm about his neck, her cheek to his, he found abruptly that to withstand her was easy. Having seen her sharply, once, without illusion, illusion now was dead. He stood like a stone, and then set her roughly aside.

"Martin!" she said. "You have never taken so long for me to bring you back to reason."

"Pack your things," he said.

Now she began to cry, in her careful way, her bright head held down, the back of her neck upturned like a child's.

"Just when I know how much I love you," she said plaintively.

He said nothing.

And as she could not sit there waiting like that permanently, at last she lifted her head. She saw him bringing out from the closet her bags.

"VERY well, then," she said with a manner of immense patience. "I will marry you."

"You will—what?"

"Marry you, Martin. I love you, you see. I will marry you, if you like."

He banged down her suitcase and laughed.

"You promise," he said, "without the remotest idea of doing as you say. You know that perfectly well."

She strove to get the upper hand by assuming immense coldness.

"I will marry you," she said. "I would not pretend about a thing like that, Martin. Not because *I* really wish to, you understand, for I don't at all."

"Not because you wish to—" He eyed her.

"No," she said. "My art comes first, Martin. No; I myself do not wish to marry at all."

Her words set him free a second time. And all her words and ways now seemed to him cheap and tawdry. He thought that he had heard of men turning like this, and had always believed them poor fellows. Now he brought out with immense relish:

"We've gone by all that, Mitty. Don't you understand? We're done!"

Her face hardened, and then blazed with color.

"So!" she said. "You find that I do not measure up to the ways of your precious family! I am not good enough for them."

"I think you're not good enough for any man," he said brutally. "Pack your things."

She stood up, straight and slim, in her yellow gown. "But why?" she said. "Are you then so much better than I am?"

"No," he said wearily. "I'm not. It isn't that. You can't understand, I know. You can't see that it isn't in you to love—or to give—really give yourself—or to true to anybody. You're not a woman at all! You've t sex of a woman, but you haven't any of the qualities th make a woman dear. Men go mad for women like you—but when they grow sane they get away from them. Well I'm sane now, thank God. Pack your things."

"Martin," she said, "it can't be I and it can't be you—'

"It's I, right enough," he said.

"Martin!" she cried. "But listen to me. I—I ca go noble too!"

At that he laughed—the whole tension of the tim abruptly dissolved for him in bitter laughter.

At the last, with her bags about her, Mitty cried:

"So! I suppose I go out—like the prodigal son or whoever he was—with your mother laughing at me so happily from a window—"

"No," said Martin; "you've said your good-bys. We'll slip away."

She pulled her hat low over one eye and went down the stairs.

In the hall Grandmother Belden stood waiting.

"Going?" she said affably. "I thought you'd stay for the wedding." She whispered: "There's a big cake in the pantry for me—they don't think I know, but I saw it."

Out on the drive, Mitty said: "Your birthday cake, Martin. You'll be missing it"; and added in the same tone: "How my spirits do go up, Martin, when I set my face to New York!"

One other member of the family saw them go. By the gate to the road a quarter of a mile from the house, they passed the trail to Kittyhammer. Down the trail, knee-deep in old bracken, Billy stood.

Martin saw him and lifted his hand, and the boy responded, standing very straight in the shadows, his hand lifted stiffly.

Mitty did not see him. She was saying:

"Martin, we must inquire at the station at Kitty's paw for a telegram. I may have word, you know, about Chicago. . . ."

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READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THE huge Chicago bowl on the lake front was packed with impatient fight fans. The battle for the heavyweight championship of the world was about to go on parade up there under the cluster of lights in the ring.

Hard-punching Tommy Quinn, product of Chicago's gashouse district and the youngest challenger ever to fight for the title, was conscious of all this as he stood in his corner. His dark wavy hair was combed neatly. But his face was pale. He glanced over at Tiger Hart, the champion. The Tiger, a 250-pound giant of a man, was leaning over the ropes and joking with friends at the ringside.

Tommy felt a reassuring hand patting his back. He looked into the hard blue eyes of his pop, old Bat Quinn, famous in his day as the Iron Man of the ring—the gamest heavyweight that ever laced on a glove, the sports writers had written.

Tommy gulped a little. Geez, nothing had ever bothered his pop! Tommy told himself he couldn't win this fight. He was scared stiff.

He had just about been born with a pair of boxing gloves on his hands. Bat had often told him how he had stuck Tommy's little hands into the boxing gloves and had vowed he'd make Tommy the heavyweight champion some day. Tommy's mother had died when he was a year old. Bat had been his pal ever since. Tommy had always idolized him.

Tommy kept remembering a letter that Bat had received that afternoon. Bat had read it and laughed. Then he had put it in his back pocket without showing it to Tommy.

The referee beckoned him to the center for instructions. Then he was back in his corner, scuffing his feet in the resin. Bat was saying, "Go out and punch him silly, kid! You can do it!"

The bell!

Tommy shuffled from his corner. He ducked under the champ's terrific hook and fell into a clinch. Tiger Hart tried to rip and tear inside but Tommy tied him up.

Now he was out of the clinch and the champ nailed him with a one-two to the head. Tommy went into a shell behind protecting arms and elbows. Tiger Hart backed him into a corner and sneaked a whizzing uppercut through his guard. He fell into a clinch again and held on.

"Yella!"

The cry came from thousands of throats all over the big bowl. Tommy was conscious of a funny sensation in his stomach—like going down a roller coaster. Would Bat think he was yella? Tommy almost choked.

He went into his shell again, and the champ backed him all over the ring with a furious barrage of punches that numbed Tommy's arms and ripped through his guard to open gashes over both of his eyes.

"Fight—ya yella bum!"

Again that cry. Tommy winced. Halfheartedly he swung both hands to the Tiger's body. Nothing behind the blows. The crowd jeered him. Tommy was hanging on again as the round ended.

Back in his corner, old Bat sponged his face and applied collodion to the gashes over his eyes. Tommy looked around the ringside with a very scared expression on his boyish face.

He felt Bat's grip on his shoulder. He had to look up at him. There was a funny look in Bat's hard old eyes.

"Wotinell is da matter witcha, boy?" Bat rasped between tight teeth. "Ya know ya punch harder dan da Tiger! Are ya scared of him becuz he's da champ? D'ya want *me* t' t'ink you're yella, too?"

Tommy swallowed hard. If he could only talk to Bat! But he knew that Bat would punch him on the chin if he told him how scared he was. Nope, he couldn't tell him.

Tommy dropped his head on his chest and mumbled, "I ain't yella, pop."

The ten-second buzzer whirred.

Bat barked, "Look at me, kid!"

Bat cuffed him a hard blow under the chin and raised his head. But Tommy didn't look at him.

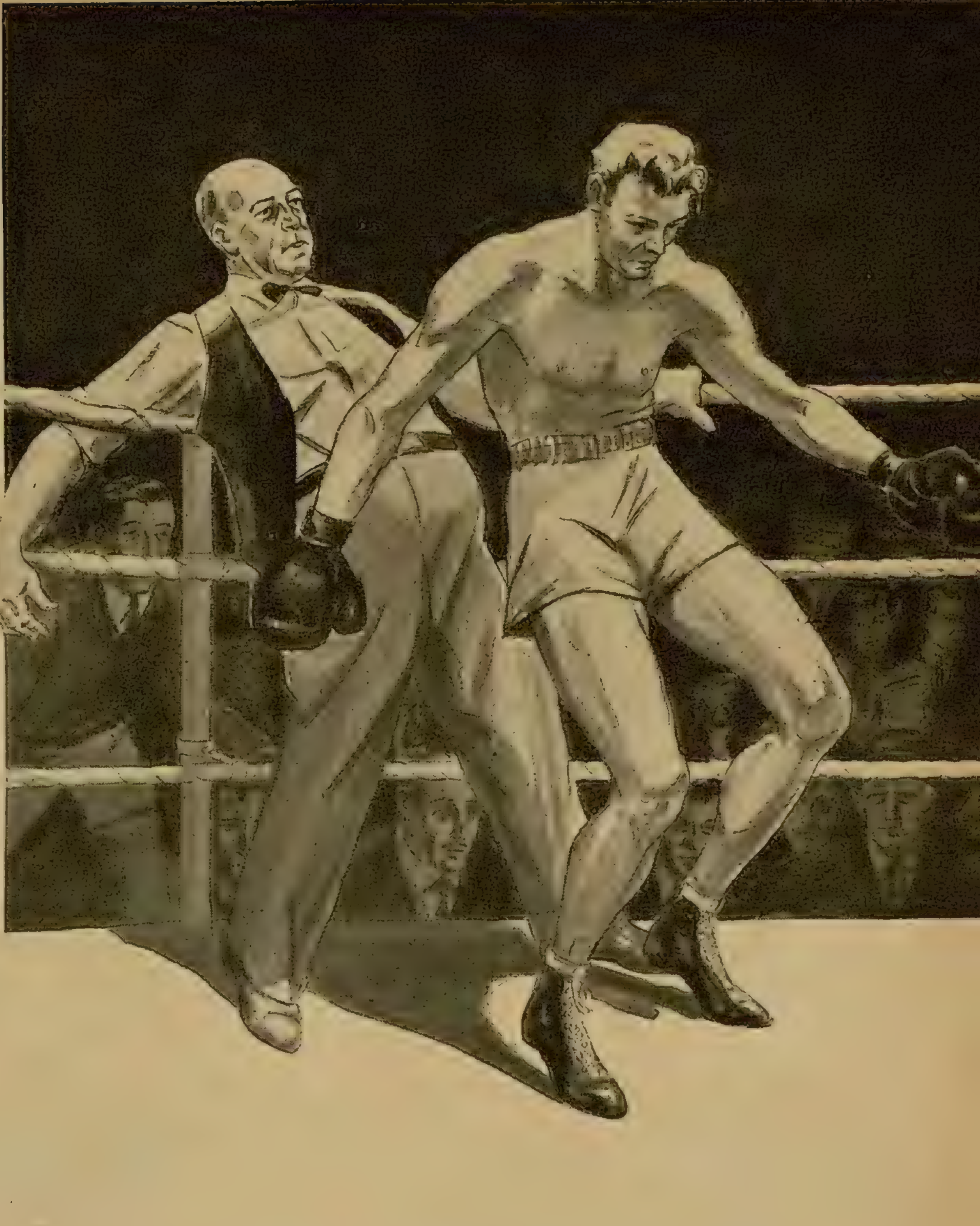
"Ya are yella!" Bat roared, his eyes bulging from their sockets. He started to laugh like a crazy man. "I ain't never been afraid of nuttin, and my kid's yella!"

Tommy's head came up with a jerk.

"I tell ya I ain't yella, pop!" he shouted hysterically. "I ain't afraid of nuttin either. I'm just like you, pop! I'll show ya!"

"Den show me!" Bat cried.

The bell!



Tommy took three shots in the stomach and one in the head as he was going down.

Yella

A Champion of Recent Yesterdays Enters the Literary Lists with a Tale of the Men and Scenes He Knows So Well—A Story of Flying Fists and a Fighting Heart

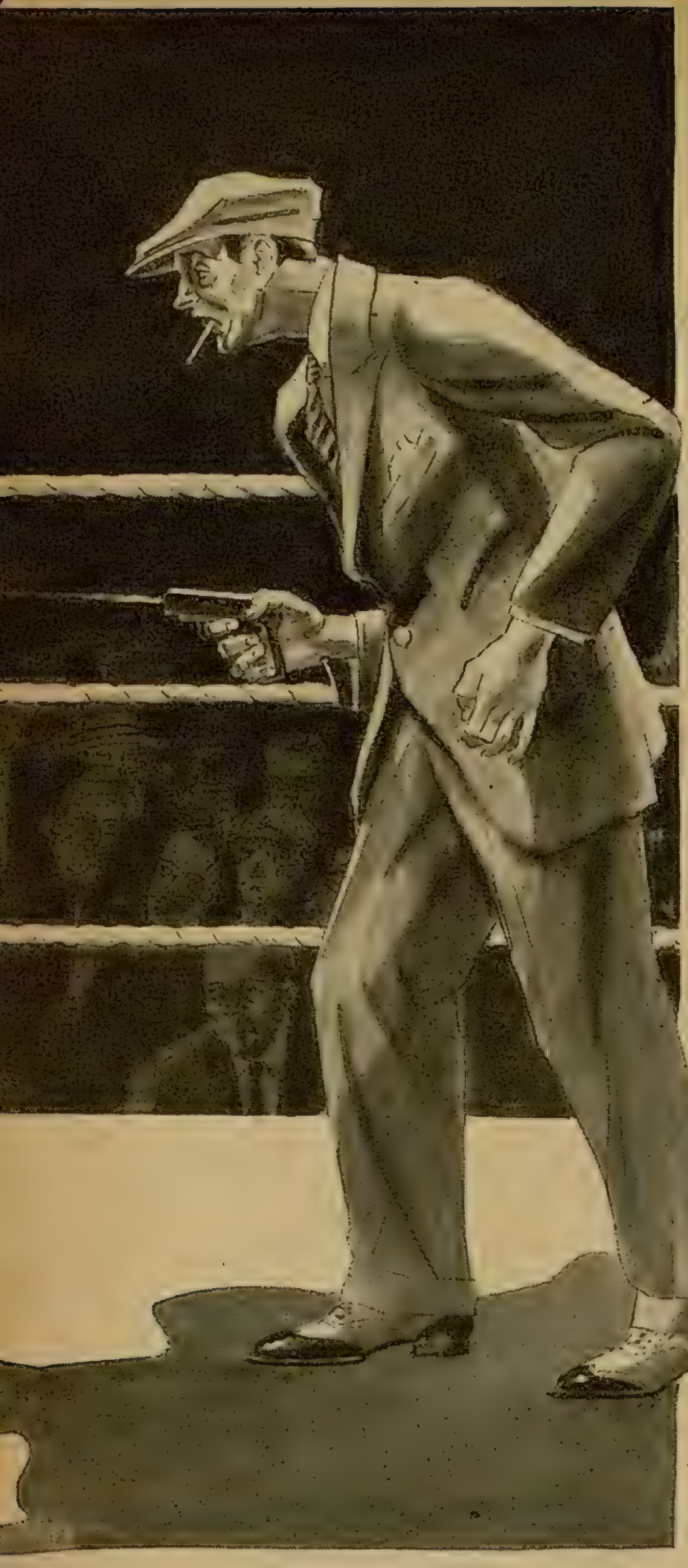


ILLUSTRATION
BY
CLYDE
PRETTYMAN

Tommy was across the ring in a flash. He bobbed under the Tiger's murderous right. Up out of the weave he came and his left hook crashed against the champ's jaw. The champ hit the deck, and the crowd went stark staring mad.

Over in a neutral corner, Tommy bounced up and down, lips drawn back in a savage snarl.

Then the champ was up at " seven," and Tommy rushed in recklessly, to finish him.

Right from the floor the Tiger brought one up and dropped it on Tommy's chin as he tore in wide open.

Tommy went down.

Out in the crowd, hats were being torn to ribbons.

But Tommy bounced right up. Bobbing and weaving and snarling and crying, be blasted the Tiger into the ropes, where he rocked like a tree in a gale.

The champ tried to trade with him. But before him the almost insane Tommy, with hands never still, pumped punch after punch into his body and jaw.

The champ began to wilt. A bone-crushing left hook caught him on the chin. He crashed into the canvas flat on his face.

His seconds leaped into the ring as the referee beckoned to them. The ref knew that fighters do not get up when they hit the deck on their faces.

Tommy stood there as if stupefied and watched the champ being carried to his corner.

Then a thundering wave of sound roared into his ears, and suddenly he turned toward his corner to look for his pop.

Bat was bouncing across the ring with a grin of sheer joy on his face. He threw both arms around Tommy and began to sputter incoherently.

Over Bat's shoulder Tommy saw a thin pasty-faced man, whose eyes seemed to be glazed, climb up on the ring platform three feet away. His hand came out of his pocket and a black gun barrel flashed in the white glare.

Tommy flung Bat behind him just as the man raised the gun. Tommy took three shots in the stomach and one in the head as he was going down. The pasty-faced man leaped to the ground and was swallowed up in the roaring crowd.

The ring was full of cops in plain clothes. A doctor who had been examining Tommy raised himself erect and turned to old Bat.

He said, " Tommy has retired an undefeated champion. He's fought his last fight."

BAT just stared at the doctor, chin quivering.

A police captain stepped up to Bat. He said, " They haven't got the guy that did it yet. Must have been full of snow. You know why he did it? "

Bat reached into his back pocket and handed the police captain a letter.

" Dey meant to get me," Bat mumbled. " But I didn't t'ink da rats would have da guts to go tru wit' it."

The police captain opened the letter and read:

> We have bet a hundred grand that the champ wins the fight. We can't afford to lose this dough. Your kid is very young and has plenty of time. You see that your kid loses this fight or you will never get out of the bowl alive. If you double-cross us and have a police guard at the ringside we will get you anyway. Maybe a little ride and plenty of torture before we give you the works. This is your warning and we mean business.

The letter was unsigned.

The police captain looked up. " Why didn't you tell us about this? " he said.

Bat shook his head. " I ain't never been afraid of nuttin—specially rats. Besides, I didn't want Tommy to know nuttin about it. But he musta saw da letter when I was takin' a bath."

The police captain asked, " How do you know that? "

" Becuz now I know he didn't want to win *dis* fight," Bat said softly, as things blurred before his eyes. " My Tommy wasn't yella in dat first round. He just was scared for *me*."

THE END

From London

by PRINCES

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURE

ENGLAND'S royal family has a very special talent for those human-nature touches which make the whole world kin.

Here are some royal sidelights handed on to me by close friends of the family. You mustn't ask me to reveal the sources of my information. *That* isn't done.

Item: King George is delighted because an American newspaper has listed him as being one of the ten best radio talkers in the world. Before making his public appearances on a balcony at Buckingham Palace, King George likes to peek through the curtains and count the crowd. One time recently he peeked, drew back, said, "Wait a while—not enough people yet."

Item: Queen Mary loves to receive presents; always insists upon unwrapping them with her own hands.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Item: The Prince of Wales turned out for the big Jubilee parade in a full-dress uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders. "David," his father said, "what's the idea of putting on *that* get-up? You were supposed to wear your field marshal's uniform!" The Prince attempted no explanation. It was too late for him to change, so he got away with it. I am told he puts on his Seaforth uniform whenever he can, because the busby (the high fur hat) helps him look some inches taller.

Item: The Duchess of Kent, former Princess Marina, has been asked to wear smaller hats with less brim in front, the rule being that when royal English ladies show their faces they *show their faces.*

Item: King George and Queen Mary enjoyed their Jubilee drives around London. On one drive through a slum district they saw a homemade placard announcing, "We're lousy but we're loyal"!

● Lawrence of Arabia wrote a secret book before he died. George Bernard Shaw has been telling me about it. It is called The Mint. I don't know the significance of the title, but I understand that the book describes British army life and is more outspoken than the frankest of our Hemingway or Faulkner novels. Colonel Lawrence produced six hand-written copies of The Mint, gave them only to personal friends whom he could trust. He didn't want the public to read it.

Shaw spoke of Lawrence's tormented memory. Lawrence remembered his war work down to the last harrowing detail. He never could forget. He remembered how he had bombed troop trains, lighted the fuse himself, watched the human cargo blown to bleeding fragments. He could forget nothing.

Doesn't it make you go cold with horror when you think what a man with such a memory must have suffered? To me, the tragedy of Lawrence of Arabia is the tragedy of *a man who could not forget.*

● Two pet expressions now the rage among smart London chatterers are *bless you* and *my sweet.* I hadn't heard them often in America. Here everybody says 'em all the time.

"Hello, my sweet."

"Good-by, bless you."

Silly? Right you are. But, bless you, my sweet, what slang isn't silly?

● Some London impressions—mixed:

Watching the Maharajah of Patiala play polo with big diamond earrings in his ears and his beard in a hair net. . . . Dining with the Countess of Cottenham, whose father once owned half the land now occupied by Hollywood. . . . Actor Philip Merivale at a Russian supper given by actress Eugénie Leontovitch, asking me what the various courses are made of, because he gets hives from mushrooms or fish. . . . London dress shops long on adjectives but short on quality, a frump of a blouse labeled "Furiously provocative," a striped beach thing advertised as "Too, too pulse-accelerating." . . . Party given by one of the Morgan granddaughters at John Sargent's old Tite Street studio, Lady Colefax there, me trying to talk her into writing her wonderful memoirs of famous people. . . . Every one grumbling about the high London prices. Asparagus $1.75 a bunch! . . . Dinner at the House of Commons, where I find that a political quip I made in Boston has arrived before me. . . . Learning that Basil Zaharoff, world-renowned man of mystery, isn't really *Sir* Basil, although he has been decorated by the Crown. . . . Tea with Princess Sophia Dhuleep Singh, Punjab heiress of fabulous wealth in precious gems. . . . I meet a rather repressed Jimmy Walker who tells me he's trying to think up ideas that will sell, that he has been much misquoted, and that he isn't feeling so very British after all.

● London again—my old home town—after four years away. The soot and the grime are just as thick as ever, just as softly beautifying to London's architectural charms—and just as tough as ever on a gal's white-glove supply. Three clean pairs you need here every day!

How London changes! Park Lane, once so plutocratically residential, is filling up with new and smart hotels. Along Park Lane I spoke to a cockney caretaker who sat on the doorstep of a fine old Georgian house—a house I used to know.

"Yus," he said, "hit's orl chynged. But 'ere's wot I sye, ma'am, habaht this chynging. 'Oo's a-going to be a-stopping of it?"

● Fay Wray knows a lot of aviators, but she never kept baby turtles in her bathtub. *That* was just one of her husband's notions.

to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

The husband of this Hollywood star is John Monk Saunders, writer, whose story of Nikki, complete with bathtub turtles and aviators, appeared in Liberty and on the screen.

Now Fay takes sun baths.

" They make me hungry," she said, " and they make me think."

Miss Wray believes in sun-bathing as a tonic for beauty, health, and mental exercise.

" I make all of my important decisions while I am sun-bathing," she declared. " I have found that I am clearest-headed then." For an hour and a half every day she sunbathes on the roof of a small pagoda in her California garden; does it when the sun is hottest, from 11:30 in the morning until 1 P. M. Takes off all her clothes, puts on a cream so she'll burn golden-brown but not black.

FAY WRAY

Works up a perfectly ravenous appetite, she says, but doesn't have to worry about it, because she is naturally slim.

Born in Canada, Miss Wray was brought to this country by her parents at the age of three. She and her husband are in England now, Fay starring for one British film company, he writing for another. He was a Rhodes scholar, went to Oxford, a United States war flier. She adores English strawberries.

● At a country place I made the acquaintance of a remarkably well behaved dog, a dog with the nicest manners, friendly, obedient, dignified, yet playful enough to be interesting company and a good mixer. I was told that this dog also does splendid work in the hunting field. The dog is an Irish setter—and a perfect lady. In the house I noticed she always looked to her mistress for approval or disapproval, while out of doors she attended strictly to her master's commands. I asked why.

" We trained her that way," said her mistress. " My husband wanted her to think of him as her boss only when they go hunting, so he never had disciplined her at home. And I never have disciplined her outside."

A neat experiment in divided authority.

● A wealthy woman went to a famous artist to have her portrait painted. " I'm not as young as I was," she said, " but I used to be really beautiful, and this picture must please my husband. What can you do? "

The artist was clever. He painted her in a powdered wig and a Du Barry gown, as though she were dressed for a costume ball. That gave him a chance to make her look as she might have looked twenty-five years before, without actually flattering her on canvas. She was delighted. Brought her husband to view the picture. His face fell when he saw it.

" As a painting it is beautiful," he said, " but, my dear, *you* are beautiful to me as you are! "

He turned to the artist. " Now," he said, " I want you to paint another portrait of my wife. Paint her exactly as she is—and as I love her best."

Today both pictures hang side by side in the home of this fortunate couple.

● One difference between old Puritan America and ours of current date was called acutely to my realization by a talk with a lady of advanced years. She showed me an antique cupboard; it had a door that locked. " When my sisters and I were little girls," she said, " father always locked our dolls in this cupboard from Saturday night until Monday morning. Playing with dolls on the Sabbath day was unthinkable—we weren't even allowed to tempt our eyes with the sight of them."

● In harmony with our midsummer madness is Charles G. Finney's fantastic novel, The Circus of Dr. Lao (published by the Viking Press).

● For a summer dinner I know nothing more satisfactory than a really good tomato mousse served with green salad and hot corn muffins. Best tomato mousse I ever tasted was made as follows:

Fry 1 tablespoon chopped onion in a little butter until light yellow. Add ½ cup dry white wine, and cook slowly until reduced to half. Now put in 2 cups chopped tomato pulp, peeled and without seeds. Salt, pepper, a pinch of parsley. Cover and let simmer 25 minutes. Rub through sieve, then carefully stir in 4 tablespoons cream sauce. Heat and pour over previously soaked gelatin. Whip ¾ cup cream and fold into the jelly when nearly set. Turn into mold and chill.

● Should children at home be trained by a system of fines and rewards? A young mother wants to know. She writes: " My little boy is eight years old. I am trying to teach him good table manners. An older woman tells me I ought to give him small rewards for correct behavior at the table—a few pennies, or something to eat that he especially enjoys. She says I ought to make him pay corresponding fines when he forgets or neglects the rules. Do you think her idea is sound? "

I do not. A child's understanding of social conduct should certainly not be commercialized in this way. Teach him to realize that politeness and courtesy are their own rewards—not merely a source of petty cash.

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

The Envying Eyes of All the World Upon Her, Yet Lonely and Afraid . . . Can This Famous Beauty Find Some Shreds of Happiness in the Remnants of Romance?

by DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

"But, Vi," he said huskily, "even if I were free — I would be no good to you."

PART NINE—"I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU"

THERE was no breath of scandal in the papers. Because somebody was well trained enough to call Sidney before even calling a doctor. Which last was useless. No doctor was needed.

Arnold sold what remained of his interests and left town. Before the funeral. I never saw him again, and even Sidney couldn't get him to come to Mildred's last services. But evidently Lester got to him. How much or what version of the story Arnold told, I don't know. I only know my Boof never wrote me again, and that he returned my presents. And Lester wrote me, through his lawyers, that after hearing the story, Boof felt completely alienated.

My own rallied around. Archie, with his wires and flowers and phone calls, chief of all. Archie not criticizing, no matter what he heard. I had written him most of it anyway from time to time. There was Cookie. And Cynthia came West and took mama on a little trip until I finished my picture.

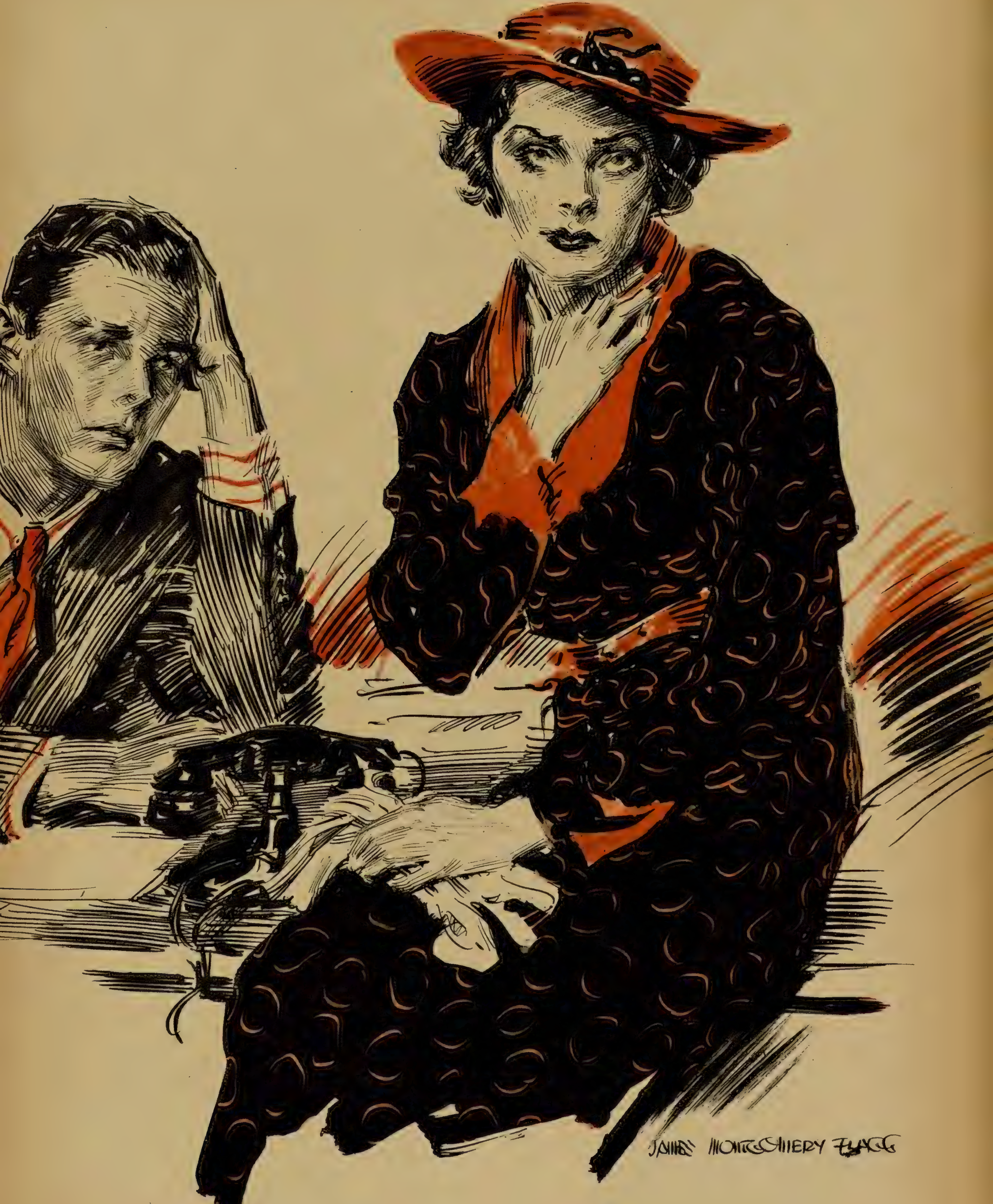
And after the picture I joined mama and Cynthia. To find mama like a stuffed doll—listening and nodding, and not bothering to hear what you said.

She was not sick, the doctors said. Her heart wasn't strong, but then it hadn't been for nearly five years. Mama had never told us that!

I was due back in six weeks, because Sidney knew enough to keep me busy. But because mama dreaded going home, Cynthia talked her into a trip to Europe. With herself and Miss Hinklebaum, whose real name, if the truth must be told, was John Smith. So mama went, and I promised to join them when my picture was finished.

That was my last silent—squeezed in. I flew to New York when it was over, and had one brief visit with

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Archie in his office before I sailed. Archie earning twelve thousand a year, proud in knowing he was worth more. Our visit was unsatisfactory. The cocktail he so proudly mixed seemed sour; the office intelligent and remote. His gentle sympathy irritated me . . . I felt out of sorts. And left shortly. I had to catch my boat, for my whole trip was stiffly scheduled so that my new picture would not be delayed. But I promised him that in the three days I'd have in New York on the way home we'd have real visits.

He couldn't see me off, of course, but he sent to the boat a most beautiful sport watch, a tiny ball in a leather case, with a crystal that enlarged the numbers—"*Counting the hours. Love always. Archie.*" And he sent a large box of gardenias—dozens of them, waxy-white and fragrant.

John Smith was at Cherbourg to meet me. This Miss Hinklebaum was a cute number. Lank and hard as nails. Dese and dose. And the soul of a poet. Red neck and sandy hair that wouldn't stay parted. A big silly grin.

Mama was a little more herself. She was anxious to get back and wind up her interests.

So in a few weeks we sailed home, and I began to see why Cynthia loved her Hinklebaum. For she could be a human being and he loved her. She could wear slippers, and his old sweater over her pajamas, and he loved her. She could drink beer and eat anything she wanted. She looked like hell but she was terribly happy. And her man liked her happy. Enough to sicken you, when I thought of all the rules I lived by, and their poor results.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Violet Chester tells this amazing story of her life—a story of how fate and tragedy, the aftermath of an estranged love, transformed her from a carefree chorine in the Capers of 1910 to a world-famous star of stage and screen.

Archie O'Riley was her true love and her husband for a few hours, but he had their marriage annulled when he found Tommie Greeley in her room on their wedding night. Greeley died there. He was ill when he came to say good-by. But Archie never learned that. Yet, after Violet had married playboy Lester Roth, he saw her on her second honeymoon, swept her off her feet—and "Boof," his child, was born, only to be taken away by Lester. An innocent evening with Eddie Reynolds, actually a trap set by Lester to secure a divorce, and Violet was footloose once more. Fate drove her into Archie's arms again, but this time as a dancing partner in a specialty act under the direction of Ratzoff, the producer. Archie was married to Fernand, a French ballerina. Violet married Dr. Bertram McAllister and lost him a few months later. He was killed in an automobile crash. Archie went to war, promising —if he returned—to return to her. And then Violet went to Hollywood to begin her successful screen career. She was well on her way to stardom when tragedy stalked her again. Archie's letters had stopped. All efforts to locate him were futile. And to stifle scandalous gossip, Violet married her director, Gene Towers—a loveless match that ended in divorce a few years later.

Then she heard from Archie. He was permanently disabled. They met secretly in his New York home. The old longing was still in his eyes as he told her of his plans to renew his law studies, showed her Ferdie, his young son. They planned to meet often. But Fernand heard of the rendezvous and stormed into Violet's home, making vicious threats. Violet returned to Hollywood to find new troubles awaiting her. Arnold, the young engineering student who had married her crippled sister Mildred as part of a cold bargain arranged by her mother, was demanding more and more blood money. In a drunken rage he faced the three of them. Mildred refused to believe he had been paid to marry her. He turned on her, saying, "I married you because I loved your sister. And I've been living with her constantly." Mildred fled to her adjoining apartment, and before Violet and her mother could intervene, she had shot herself.

And it made me feel sore and cheated—the older I got the harder the battle, the greater the strain . . . and for what? More of the same?

I guess I was in no mood to see Archie when I reached New York. I went to his office, as we had arranged, and was about as good company as a stuffed owl. He was terribly distressed, and naturally couldn't understand.

"I'm sick of it, Archie," I said at last. "I'm sick of living without love. Without somebody to care. You far away from me all the time. I don't want anybody else. But it's awfully hard to be satisfied with ink on a paper and a voice on the phone."

"But, Vi," he said huskily, "even if I were free—I would be no good to you."

I got up swiftly because I knew I was going to go hysterical.

"That's just your pride," I said, talking through a throat all corded and knotted. "I don't care about my career. I have enough money to take us anywhere—any time. I don't care about scandal. I don't even care about hurting people. Because I think we've been hurt too long ourselves. That's how much I love you, Archie."

I left his office then.

Back at the hotel I found mama surrounded by dressmakers, milliners, and salespeople.

"Cynthia told me I must have clothes," she said dully. "She took every rag I had. Said she was going to give them away. So I must get some things."

"Swell," I said. Mama was one of the twenty richest women in the States. She would never cut a figure in a room again.

I went into my own room. Closed the door and stood trembling. Flowers all over the room . . . smelling like a funeral. Soon now I would be going to mama's funeral . . . because very gradually she was dying . . . Oh, mama, don't leave me! I have nobody. Nobody! Mama, don't leave me. Without you I'll go off the track. I'll wander alone and afraid . . .

But she had left me already. Her spirit had gone. It wasn't mama who watched me with those lifeless eyes fixed on me . . . it was just a woman. A woman who felt old and tired.

Over at the window I looked out on New York. Rain in the park. The trees almost bare. Coming another winter, and go back now and make more pictures. Go back now, and be the public sweetheart . . . they envy you, all the men and women who sit and watch, who hear what you earn, eye your beauty, and realize your cars and gowns and popularity . . . go back and entertain them, make them forget their shoddy world. . . . They say sound is here . . . and suppose you can't talk? The party would be over. It would be awful to have no work . . . no work to do at forty-five—at fifty-five . . .

The street lights blurred with my tears and the rain. Out there in those lights were so many people. They all knew the name Violet Chester. Out there somewhere is Boof maybe . . . is Lester, damn him! . . . Out there is Archie somewhere. Spending the evening with Fernand. I have everything in the world but the man I love. Forget Archie. He belongs to another. Always. Don't try to hang on to him. . . . Find another man. Find a way to forget. . . . Forget his eyes, forget his smile, forget his voice. . . . You can't have him . . . he's not for you . . .

A voice roused me from my sobs.

"I knocked and knocked—"

I turned and saw Cynthia. Behind her the lank homespun husband whose cheery grin faded into sudden sympathy.

"Are you crying?" Cynthia demanded.

"No," I gurgled. "I'm rehearsing my big scene."

"Well, it will wow them," drawled Hinky. "Only I'd save it, Vi, until I was paid for it."

"Your mother's gone to bed." Cyn lit a cigarette. "Says for you to do the same."

"Like hell I'll go to bed," I said. "I want a party. I want to raise hell. I want to get plastered."

Husband and wife looked at each other.

"O.K.," chirped Cyn. "We'll go to our apartment."

"I don't want your apartment. I want a party. I don't want to just sit and talk and drink. I want a big party."

"A big party?" Hinky squinted at me.

"Enormous. Chunks of people. New ones."

"A wild party?" he said, as if taking an order. "A feelthy party, Vi?"

"Yes, the fouler the better. I want to come to tomorrow good and ashamed of myself—so I can settle down and be good for months."

"All right," Cynthia shrugged. "I guess we're in for it, Hinky."

"That's a pal, Cynthia." I kissed her. "Let's start with a drink right now. Here's to you. A couple of friends. And boy, do they slice thin as a rule."

"Brother, she's got it bad!" Cynthia stood up like she was going to roll up her sleeves.

"Of course I've got it bad," I admitted. "You can sneer. You've got a man who loves you. Haven't you?"

"I'll go fix the apartment." Cynthia talked over me to Hinky. "It's full of moth covers. You stick around here, and bring her down. And while she's dressing call Rita and tell her to bring over a mob. We'll keep the party in the apartment."

All through my bath and the process of dressing I heard Hinky in the living room. Playing the piano between phone calls; playing it very badly as he waited for the operator to get his numbers. . . . I sang with him while I dressed . . . Dum, dum, dum dum, knowing no word like good-by . . . dum dum, dum dum, true love will never dieee . . . Dry all your tears . . . sure, dry them, you slob, and sing . . . sing very loud so you won't hear yourself think. . . . Let Boof turn his back on you high-mindedly . . . Let mama stare at you vacantly . . . Let Archie go on being decent, a fine husband and a good father—that's his life. . . . Make your own life apart from them all . . . because they don't understand, and never will understand.

I only remember bits of the evening. I know there was a mob. All kinds. And we quit Cynthia's apartment and went to Rita's. The roof apartment Pepa had given her. I got terribly tight, and decided it was too soon, and got some man to dance with me out in the rain on the roof. And I stood in the rain, getting drenched, and singing, "I can't give you anything but love . . ." And who should I find blowing in but Ratzy, looking old and drab and frazzled and breaking my heart.

So he and I got off to drink seriously together, and he said he always had loved me and I assured him I had always loved him and to this day would poison Mrs. Ratzy if she wasn't so dumb damn nice. . . . And before I knew it I was offering to back him in a new kind of Capers, and almost sobered again when he took me right up and said if I'd lay thirty thousand he could get the rest. And Ratzy kept asking people was I sober enough to mean it.

And I found myself dancing with a very handsome number.

"I had a feeling," this chap who danced like butter melting said in my ear, "that you were pretty swell. I was sure of it. You know, I asked to come tonight—just to meet you."

I stopped near Rita.

"Say, who is this I'm dancing with?" I asked her. She looked my partner up and down.

"Don't know," she said. "I forgot who brought him."

"Well, I think he's very cunnin'," I said.

"Let's go and talk somewhere," the man said.

"No, let's go gamble. Pepa is wonderful at gambling. He has little canvas bags. They each got three hundred dollars in gold pieces. Are you on?"

"I have about three hundred and fifty dollars in the world," the man said with a short laugh.

"That's refreshing. Never be afraid to shoot the works, buddy. If you're afraid of life, it will rise up and give you an awful wallop."

"O.K."

"Sport!"

He had a lovely serious smile.

We joined the game and he lost three hundred. He glanced at me, and took another bag. He lost it in a half hour. And I was winning like a fool. I took hold of his hand under the table. It was cold.

"Try a third," I said. "I'll make up the losses."

"A loan?" he said sharply.

"Sure. A loan."

He lost the third canvas bag in a few turns of the wheel.

"Let's dance," he suggested.

I settled up. He danced me out to the door that led to the porch.

"It's morning," I discovered.

"Twenty after six. And the storm's over."

"Migod!" I remembered suddenly. "We're taking a train at two. Mama will be furious."

The wind was blowing through his hair. He looked very young and very, very tired. He wrote in a notebook, tore the sheet out, folded it, and handed it to me.

"My I O U," he said.

"All right," I said. "But it doesn't matter. It was my doing. I told you to shoot the works."

"If you tear it up," he told me quietly, "you'll get paid just the same. It may be in installments. And it will be money orders. You see—I'm married. It was fun. I won't forget it."

"Neither will I. Would you like to kiss me good-by?"

He smiled. A rather crooked smile.

"Yes," he said. And took my hand and kissed it. He went straight past me and through the doorway.

I unfolded the slip of notebook paper in my hands. Read it, and came to with a jolt. I tore it up and let the morning wind take the pieces.

The door opened and Cynthia's voice howled at me.

"Come in. That's a swell way to get a stiff neck."

"Cynthia," I said, "that was Tommie Greeley's son. He said he had only three hundred and fifty dollars in the world. And he's married. If he's in trouble we ought to do something."

"Who's in trouble? Who?" she muttered.

"Oh, you're drunk!" I said. "I'll write you a letter."

"Who'll write a letter? I hate to write letters. Ink on my fingers. Who should I write to? Who?"

I turned her over to Hinky. And went home by myself.

There were several calls from Archie. I didn't call him back. I just wouldn't.

Hinky saw us off, explaining that Cynthia was asleep. There was a wire, just as the train was leaving, from Archie:

YOU CANT DO THIS TO ME CALL ME FROM CHICAGO ALL MY LOVE ARCHIE

All my love, hell, I said. I didn't call him in Chicago. I didn't answer any of his wires across the country. Or

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan

THE BITE of a centipede is not extremely dangerous. It is very painful but not deadly.

THE SHAPE of a room is not the most important factor in acoustics. Many architects and builders have been disappointed after copying the shapes of rooms known to be satisfactory acoustically. The shape does have some influence on the room's acoustic characteristics, but other factors—such as reflective power of walls, ceiling, and floor—are even more important.

DR. GUILLOTIN did not invent the guillotine. Such a machine was in use in Scotland as early as 1581; in Germany in 1550; and in Italy in the thirteenth century. Dr. Guillotin's idea probably came from a description of the use of such a machine in Milan. He suggested it in France in 1789. It was approved in 1791, and after various tests on dead bodies was first used in 1792.

THE BLIND are not compensated by an increased sense of touch and hearing. Because of greater attention and application the blind are often able to make better use of their senses of touch and hearing than does the average seeing person. However, in those activities which have not been practiced, the blind show no superiority over persons with sight.

STUTTERING is seldom caused by physical defect. It is generally caused by psychological conditions such as a feeling of inferiority, a fear of not adequately living up to others' expectations, etc.

open the box of telegraphed flowers that I knew were gardenias. . . . I wrote a letter:

"Dear Senator," I wrote, and heard Cyn drunkenly saying ink-on-my-fingers . . . she who had loved him so didn't even remember Tommie's name.

"Last night at a party I met your nephew. I gathered that he was in some financial difficulties. I would be grateful if I could pay back the ten thousand dollars your brother once left our family. It meant everything to us then. I don't need it now and maybe it would help the boy out. I wouldn't want him to know it came through me of course. Because I'm not doing it for him, but for his father. If you wire me the word yes, I'll have some one deliver bonds to that value to you. So you won't even be embarrassed by a check.

"For old times' sake, VIOLET CHESTER."

I got his wire saying yes shortly after I reached home. And I arranged for it with a feeling of immense satisfaction. And remembering the way the boy had kissed my hand, I was proud. And proud for Tommie. I knew some nice people. . . .

Archie called me as soon as I got home.

"No, Archie," I said stubbornly. "I'm through. I can't keep it up. It hurts too much. No. It's too many years . . . Why? Because I'm lonely. I'm tired of being lonely. I have to find some one. Any one. I can't help it. I'll always love you. I'm tired of waiting for some one who never comes. I won't write. I won't read your letters. . . . Don't call me. Let me go now that I want to go . . ."

I hung up, and something went click inside of me with the receiver. A door closed. . . .

I went into a huddle with Sidney. Great conferences over my plans. Testing my voice.

"I guess," sighed Sidney at one in the morning, "you'll do."

At home I was too tired to do anything but rest. And mama, rocking in a chair, studied the market quotations with a faint gleam in her eyes. And thinking it might rouse her, I would urge her to get back into the game. She would shake her head slowly.

I went back to my work. And tried not to worry. And read Ratzy's letters reporting progress on his show . . . And kept from phoning Archie. Day after day, kept from phoning him . . . even when I heard his voice in my dreams.

I finished the picture. My first talkie. And went in with Sidney and we argued, and wheedled and joked and insulted each other. Over a new contract.

"Let me win once, Vi," he said bitterly. "I won't play you mean, Vi. If in three years I'm still on the map we'll tear this up and write a new one. Your terms."

"That's a bet?"

"That's a bet," he promised.

I picked up the pen and signed, thinking: I'll be forty then and maybe he won't want me . . . I'm a fool . . .

"NOW," said Sidney, when I handed him the pen. "I've never done you many lousy tricks, have I? I'm afraid I've done you one the last few weeks. It was for your own future as well as mine, Vi. That picture had to be finished. And it just dragged on—for weeks."

"What's wrong?"

"Your Archie's ill."

"Sidney!"

"He's been very ill. Oh, I've telephoned his hospital three and four times a day. He's been calling for you. And his wife phoned me. She wants you to come on and see him."

"*She* wants me to come?" . . .

"Sidney," I said, "if he dies, I'll never forgive you. Never."

"Vi, don't say that. Vi, you'll come back? You're under contract. Your next picture starts—"

"The hell with contracts!" I said.

"Vi, you can't do that. I need you. We've got to pull together, we stand-bys—"

But I had left the room, and his voice like an old record wheezing on. . . .

I got the afternoon plane. I sat praying I'd get there in time. Sidney had said Archie had gone into the hospital in November . . . over three months . . . it must be pretty awful . . . pretty serious. . . . He'd been sick ever since I'd broken with him . . . I had done it . . . I knew I had.

I went directly to the hospital.

He was lying in bed, slightly propped up. Pale as the linen around him. Thin. No one else in the room.

"Archie," I said.

He opened his eyes. He struggled up on one elbow and held out his arm. His lips seemed too dry to speak. I went over and folded him in my arms. He was so thin I felt panicky.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "Don't cry. Just stay near me, but don't cry."

"I'll never leave you, Archie. Never again."

He slept after a while.

THE doctors talked to me afterward. It was a miracle that Archie had lived through the operation. How long he would live was problematical. Maybe a few years. If he built his strength carefully, they might be active and useful years . . . if he were under rigid medical supervision.

I took a room at the hospital. Fernand didn't show up. She had been there regularly, they told me, until the morning I had arrived. Then she said she wouldn't come unless Archie asked to have her.

So after a week I went to see her.

Her curls were gone. Her little face was lined. She was plump and sagged, as a small-boned woman who had had many children. Her clothes were ready-made and full of frills and lace at the neck.

"Don't let's pretend to be friends, Vi," she said curtly. "Say what you came to say."

"Fernand, they say he has only a few years to live."

"At the most."

"I want to take him with me. And he wants to go."

"I know."

"He told you?"

"Months ago."

"Well?"

"I don't suppose I can force even a cripple to live with me. I've put up with him for years."

"But, you needn't have. I wanted him."

"I know that. It's been no joke living with a man who loves somebody else."

"Then why—why did you hold him?"

"I happen to have children. I've tried to protect them from scandal. He doesn't seem to care. Even facing death, he's willing to put them through it."

"We won't make scandal, Fernand—if you won't. The man is too sick to be any one's lover. He can just finish his life happily, can't he?"

"You'll never be happy together. Because my curse will follow you both wherever you go—"

"Don't say that, Fernand."

"I will say it. He's made his choice. He can leave his children—"

"His children needn't know. Tell them he's at a sanatorium—"

"I'll tell my children what I want. I'll tell them what kind of a woman you are to take their father away from them, and their curse will follow you too."

Her voice rose in a steady droning pitch. On the end table beside her chair a Bible was opened. Her short plump finger was tracing the words she chanted:

"'But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes which I command thee this day; that all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.'"

I looked, hypnotized, from her pale botchy face to the big worn Bible. Tommie had said all rules and laws of life were in the Bible . . .

I turned and fled. . . .

I phoned Sidney and told him the whole business.

"I'll stay here three weeks," I planned. "And bring him out by boat. I want you to go break the news to mama. He's going to stay with me, morality clause or no morality clause."

"But, Vi—"

"Don't but me, Sidney. I'll work like a dog for you. Fix up a story. I come with Archie or I don't come at all. And make that plain to mama."

The next day his New York office began fixing it.

And they fixed it swell, telling the insiders a sob love story and telling the outsiders the relative gag. And putting mama on a boat for New York so she'd be right there in person to chaperon us back.

From the moment our plans were definite Archie began to get well. In leaps and bounds.

Lora sent us violent wires from China, followed by abusive letters. She was for Fernand. Couldn't I leave her brother alone? I had put a spell on Archie from the first. She didn't blame him . . . but she'd rather see him dead than with me . . . betraying his own . . .

Archie said: "Don't read any more. I've been hearing it all for years. They can never confuse me again with either logic or sentiment. I have only a little of life left. I shall live it now my way."

Then one day the phone rang and Ratzy was speaking. He had just tracked me down. Wouldn't I for old times' sake come to the opening of his show? Just a week away. He would call for me himself.

He held my hand all the long drive down toward the theater.

"The show's a natural," he said softly. "You put me back on the street, Vi. I'll be paying you back in jewels from the Rue de la Paix. How would you like to come over and pick them out with me?"

"Is this an indecent proposal?"

"Vi—didn't you read of my wife's death?"

"God, no! I'm sorry."

"Two months ago. Just before we went into rehearsal."

We rode on in silence.

"I love you very much, Vi," he said softly.

I KEPT looking out the window. Poor old guy.

"I've always had a weakness for you, Ratzy," I answered, thinking of how much I used to hate him.

"I'd be awfully good to you. You could do what you wanted—have what you wanted."

Silence.

"I'm only fifty-two, Vi." A short embarrassed laugh. "I bet this marriage would last longer than any of your others."

At last I said: "Sorry, Ratzy. I'm not marrying this time."

"You mean—you're living with somebody?"

"I mean—Archie."

"Violet! They say he's dying!"

"I think he has a few years. Let's not talk about it."

"Well!" he said, stupefied. And then again, "Well! I'll be damned. Of course you always loved him."

"I said let's not talk about it, Ratzy. It hurts. Every time I think of him as he is—and think of what might have been—"

"I think," he said, stumbling for words, "I'd better take you back to the hospital. I think you'd better not come to the show."

I peered at him in the cab.

"You mean—you told people—you and me?"

"I'm afraid so. I'm sorry. You see, you told me you loved me—that night at the party—I never dreamed—Archie's married and sick and all. . . . We oughtn't to show up together. Because they'd talk. They know you backed the show. A few of them know I have a ring for you . . ."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Ratzy."

"I'm the one to be sorry. I was the fool. Driver—back to the hospital."

"You'll be late, Ratzy."

"YES. I'd be late. Maybe . . . maybe I should hop a cab here and go on down—"

"Yes. That's best."

"Good night," he said at the curb. "I won't say good-by. If anything should happen, remember Ratzy loves you."

He turned and crunched off in the snow. I knew his patent-leather pumps would be soaked.

A week later mama came. Blankly disapproving.

"You don't expect to be happy doing this," she said tonelessly.

"I don't care whether I'm happy or not, mama. I've got to do it, that's all."

"Well, it will be the end of your career. See if it isn't."

"O.K., then, if it's the end, it's the end."

"Mean on Sidney. He needs you right now. Later he'll have plenty of stars. Now you're one he can count on."

"I won't let Sidney down."

"I hope not. He never let you down."

"Mama—please be decent to Archie."

"I'm always decent to everybody!"

"Mama—" I put my arms around her, but she remained stiffly passive. "Mama, please don't let's quarrel. I need you terribly. I—"

"Don't ask me to see Archie, Vi. Or be pleasant to him. You'll have my presence. That's all you need or want. A stamp of approval. I'm doing this because I haven't any principles left. I haven't any spirit to fight for what I believe. I'm for Fernand. I'm for the children. But I'm standing by you only because you're my own. And I'd stand by you if you committed murder for the fun of it. You might appreciate that."

She left me trembling and afraid. Every one was against us. Maybe they were right . . . maybe.

Will this mean the end of this desperate last hope for happiness with Archie? Will the towering odds against them bring new complications in Violet's turbulent love life? Next week's installment brings a final climax to this poignant novel.

THREE WHIFFS AND O-U-T!

KILL THE "UMP"? No—reform him. Make him clean out that bad-smelling briar, give up foul-ball tobacco, and turn to Sir Walter Raleigh's pleasanter blend. One whiff of *that* and you've discovered the hit of a lifetime. We claim this well-aged mixture is cooler on the tongue and delightful to the nose. We insist Sir Walter's milder. But more convincing yet, sales grow and grow as thousands try and cheer the magic recipe for a perfect smoke: "Sir Walter Raleigh and a well-kept pipe!"

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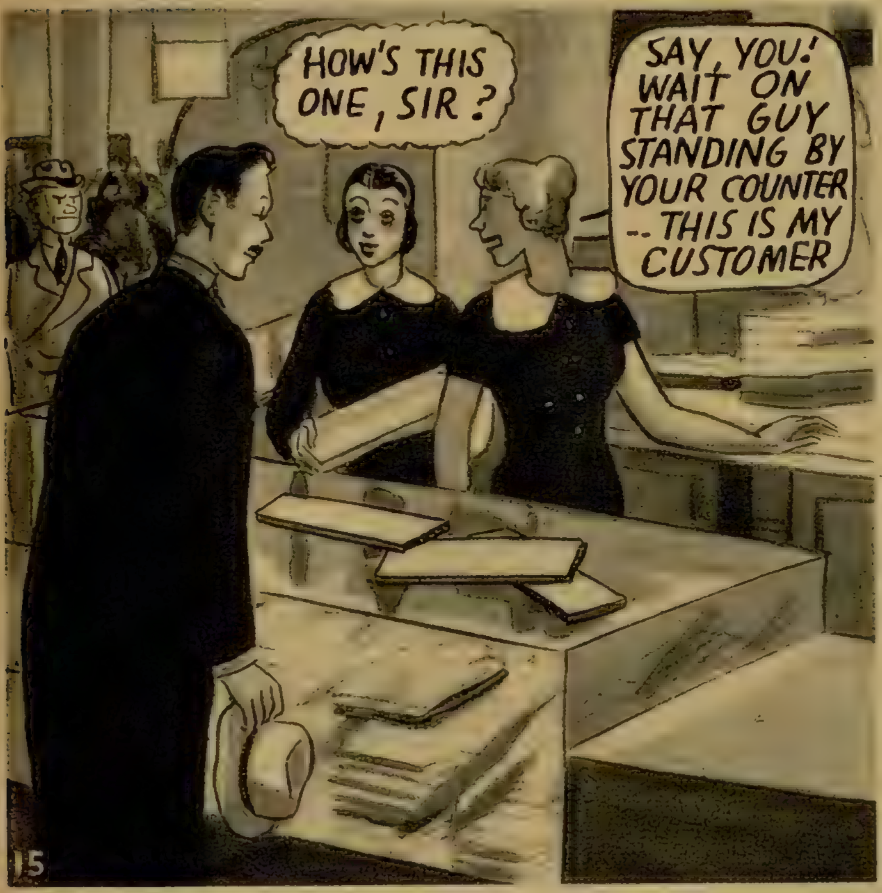
THIS IS THE EIGHTH WEEK!

$2,000 CASH PRIZE

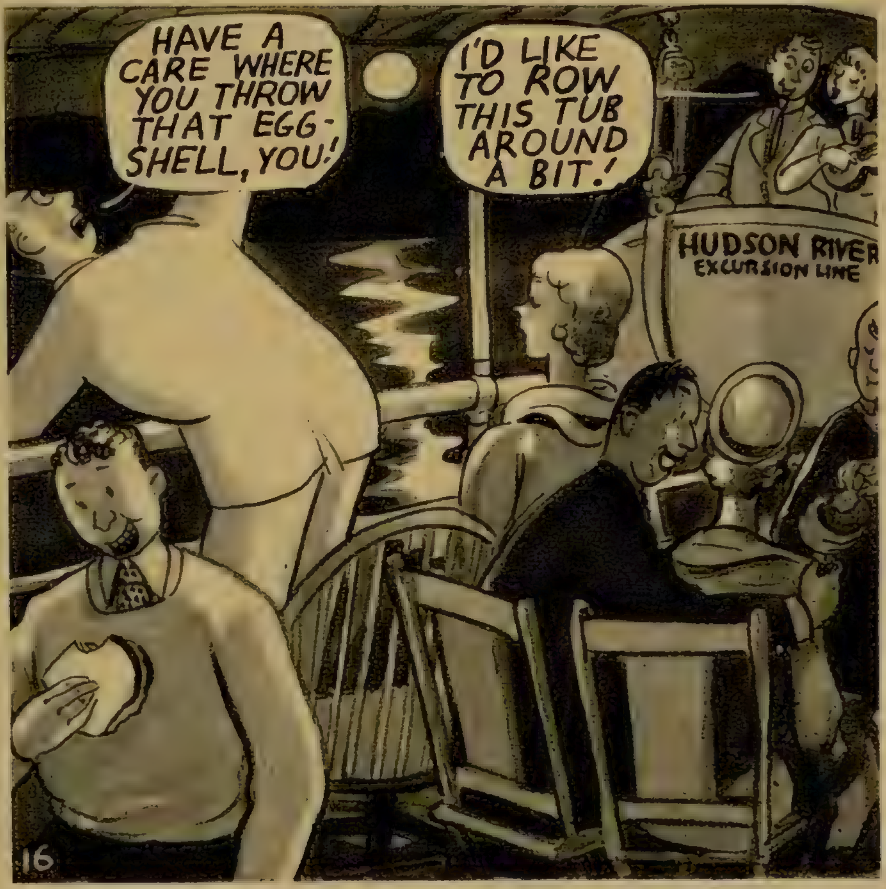
GAME OF MOVIE STARS

YOURS MAY BE A WINNING ENTRY!


HOW'S THIS ONE, SIR?
SAY, YOU! WAIT ON THAT GUY STANDING BY YOUR COUNTER -- THIS IS MY CUSTOMER
15

DRAWING NO. 15

NAME OF PLAYER..


HAVE A CARE WHERE YOU THROW THAT EGG-SHELL, YOU!
I'D LIKE TO ROW THIS TUB AROUND A BIT!
HUDSON RIVER
EXCURSION LINE
16

DRAWING NO. 16

NAME OF PLAYER..

●

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.

2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

●

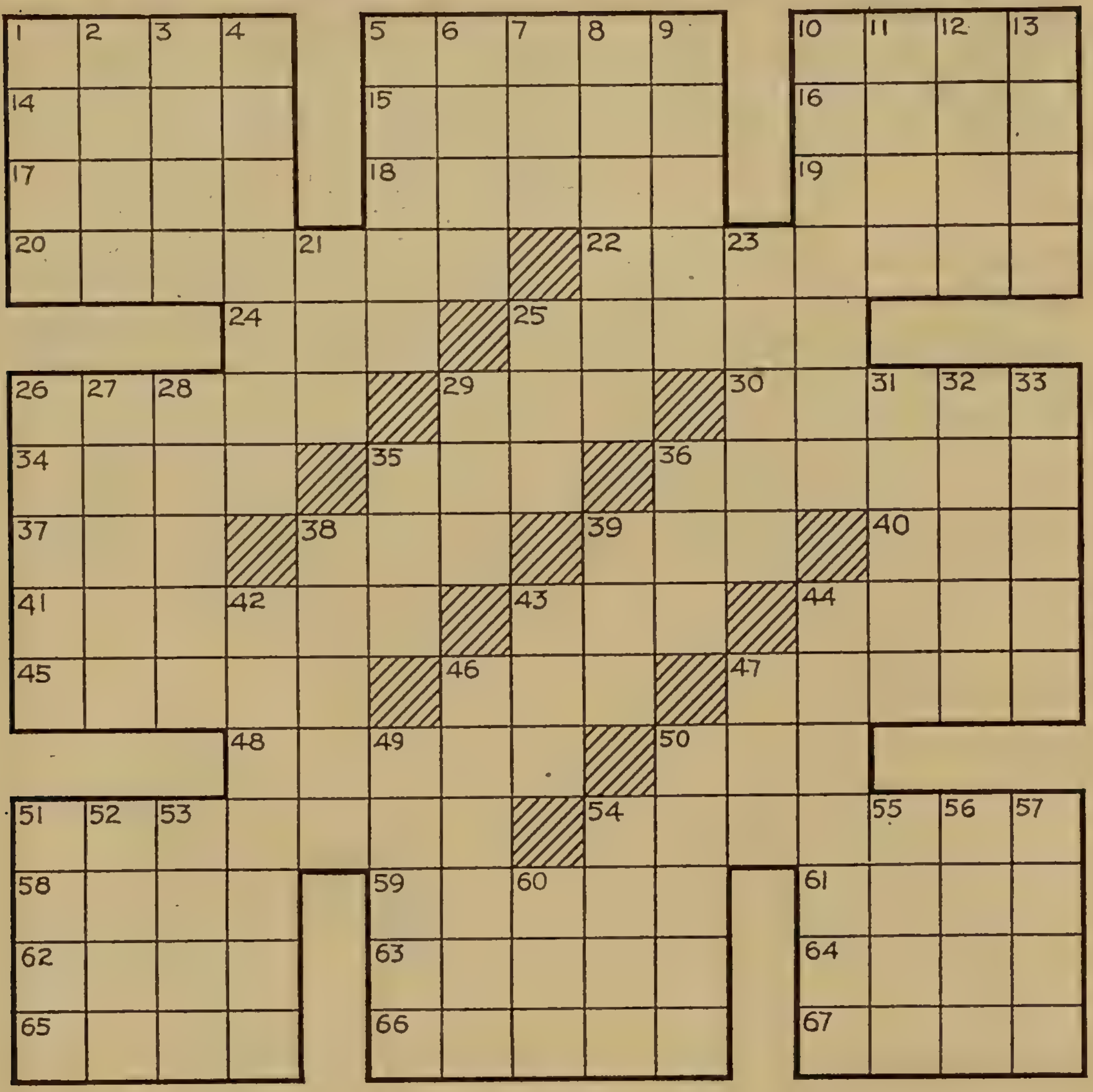
KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE—YOUR CHANCE IS STILL EXCELLENT

WHEN you have discovered the names revealed by this week's drawings 80 per cent of your contest set will be complete. Only four more drawings to analyze in order to cross the finish line. If you have named all of the drawings thus far, by all means stay in the game. Do not become discouraged now when the goal is almost within sight. If you have kept your entry up to date your chance to capture the big first prize is still as good as any contestant's. However, the best set of answers in the world cannot win unless it is entered. Make sure that you complete yours and file it on time in accordance with the rules.

Perhaps you are already planning how to prepare your material for presentation. Keep simplicity as your aim. Avoid elaboration and ornamentation. They will bear no weight with the judges.

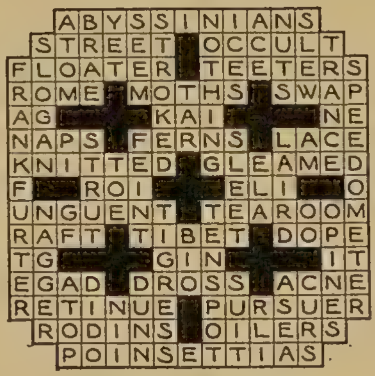
DRAWINGS 17 AND 18 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Portions of a curved line
5 Apprised
10 Become fluid
14 Measure of weight (chemistry)
15 Restore to freshness
16 Sheet of standing water
17 A wind instrument
18 French historian
19 Otherwise
20 A pioneer
22 A round tin box for cake or bread
24 A man's nickname
25 Roman goddess of the hearth
26 Patient in a colony of Molokai
29 A disease of sheep
30 Minute particles
34 Auricles
35 Lead the life of a vagabond (slang)
36 Coast plain of ancient Palestine
37 Past
38 Reduced, as the price of something
39 Form of to be
40 Mild expletive
41 Transmitter
43 Crop
44 Substance used as a fertilizer
45 Cornered
46 Center of the solar system
47 A duct (anatomy)
48 Charlotte Corday's victim
50 A metal receptacle



ABYSSINIANS
STREET■OCCULT
FLOATER■TEETERS
ROME■MOTHS■SWAP
AG■■■KAI■■■NE
NAPS■FERNS■LACE
KNITTED■GLEAMED
F■■ROI■■■ELI■■O
UNGUENT■TEAROOM
RAFT■TIBET■DOPE
TG■■■GIN■■■IT
EGAD■DROSS■ACNE
RETINUE■PURSUER
RODINS■OILERS
POINSETTIAS

Answer to last week's puzzle

51 Pertaining to the thigh
54 Artificial barrier in a horse race (plural)
58 Give forth
59 Oriental guitar
61 Supposed emanation of force
62 Prong
63 Growing out
64 Autocrat
65 Measures of work
66 Auctions
67 Vessel for heating liquids

VERTICAL

1 Man's name
2 A mantle
3 To coagulate
4 Saturates, as in a liquid
5 In Russia, an association of laborers
6 Use
7 Species of cuckoo
8 Granted possession of
9 Pitchers
10 Segments
11 Steering device
12 Bottom end of a pulley block
13 A wickerwork trap for fish
21 Ancient Etruscan title
23 American Indian (plural)
25 Energetic power
26 Most unimportant
27 Ardent to pursue
28 Inclined
29 A defile
31 Musical instrument
32 Goddess of fate (Greek mythology)
33 Attachment for a fishing line
35 Prickly envelope
36 Maxim
38 A tree
39 Pale
42 Reduces in grade
43 Mother of the Egyptian moon god
44 Prescript of the Pope (canon law)
46 Saltworks
47 Conveyance
49 Makes an incised mark on
50 Preserves, as by salting
51 Festival day of a saint
52 Arabian chieftain
53 Chinese dynasty
54 Detest
55 Eagerness to possess
56 A son of Shuthelah (Biblical)
57 Woman's name
60 The palmyra

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A CORN IS LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE

GET RID OF IT!

A corn is hard dead skin tissue with a tack-like point. It can be just as painful—and just as dangerous. It should be removed quickly and safely by the modern scientific BLUE-JAY method.

Relieve Pain Instantly
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Simply center medication over the corn. The pad is held firmly in place by special Wet-Pruf Adhesive strip . . . with waterproof soft kid-like finish that does not cling to the stocking. In three days remove Blue-Jay and lift out corn easily.

Scientifically Safe
Don't confuse Blue-Jay with unscientific corn cures. Blue-Jay Corn Plasters are scientifically safe. The mild medication attacks only the hard tissue of the corn and will not injure the surrounding skin and flesh in any way.

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BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Sudden, Violent ASTHMA ATTACKS Quickly RELIEVED

by warm medical vapors from Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes (no tobacco) which penetrate clogged breathing passages, loosen phlegm, relieve congestion and sooth irritated membranes. All druggists or send 10 cents for Trial Package and valuable coupon.

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GOLDEN GLINT the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINSE
Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
Brightens Every Shade of Hair

Vox Pop

THEY STILL CONTINUE TO LAY—

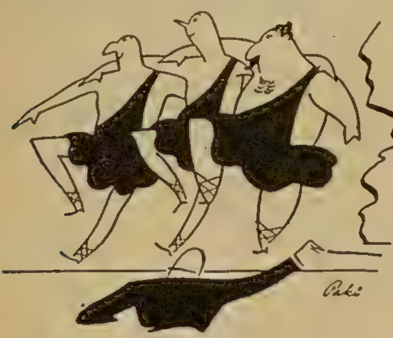
BALTIMORE, MD. — According to reports made to the NRA following the Supreme Court decision invalidating it, wholesale wage reductions, lengthened working hours, and a breakdown of labor standards resulted throughout the nation.

However, according to United States Bureau of Labor and National Industrial Conference Board statistics, what happened under the codes was this: Average hours worked per week decreased 19.4 per cent, while man hours decreased 13.4 per cent. In other words, production decreased. " Real " wages as compared with dollar wages decreased 3.4 per cent. *Ergo:* Purchasing power decreased.

In spite of these facts, available to the administration in Washington, they still continue to lay their absurd plans. —*G. A. H.*

LEG SHOWS FOR TIRED BUSINESS WOMEN

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It seems to me that theaters, night clubs, and picture producers should cater to women patrons a little more. Women are much more avid theater and night-club patrons than are the men; and, too, a great many women pay their own way to these places of amusement.



Yet one would think that entertainment was designed solely for men. There are tired business women as well as tired business men in this world.

Speaking for myself and women who share my views, I want to go on record as being fed up with the girly-girl shows, dances and revues, as seen on the stage, in pictures, and at cafés.

Why can't we have some choruses of men in bare legs or tights? Women enjoy seeing the shapely men every bit as much as the men enjoy the shapely feminine form. Of course we do see chorus boys and male dancers, but they are usually in costume or evening clothes which hide their masculine charm.

A bevy of husky male performers as nearly undressed as are the girls would be a welcome change from the established order. I'm sure that millions of women would appreciate a change. Let's have leg shows for women too!—*Mrs. Oscar White.*

RADIO CITY MURALS

IN the September 1, 1934, issue of Liberty, Princess Kropotkin incorrectly credited the murals in Radio City to Miss Margaret Bourke-White. The murals are the product of Mr. Drix Duryea of New York; Miss Bourke-White made the photographs.—VOX POP EDITOR.

KISS CHAIN LETTER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Having read the article on chain letters in July 20 Liberty, and seeing the paragraph about the kiss chain, I should like to know the contents of the kiss chain letter.—*Alyse Drumm.*

[It is headed " Love and Romance Club " and says: " This chain originated in the hope of bringing you a perfect mate. Within one week after you receive this letter, make five copies of it and send them to five of your friends upon whom you wish to bestow everlasting happiness. To the person whose name appears at the top of the list, write a letter suggesting an appointment on the first clear night on which there is a full moon. (Consult an almanac.) The person to whom you write and yourself should each wear a red carnation as a mark of identity. Upon meeting, you should exchange kisses, or the chain will be broken. Remove the name of the one you write to from the list in the letter you send your five friends. Add your own name to the list, placing it at the bottom. As your name leaves the top of the list, you will receive 15,625 kisses and should encounter your perfect life-mate, if the chain is not broken.

" Have faith and courage, and love will find you out."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHO'D WIN, WE WONDER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Why doesn't somebody build a great big ring and put all the Vox Poppers in it and let them fly at each other's throats? Maybe there would be peace in this world.—*L. Farber.*

SCOOPED BY SIX YEARS

YUCCA, ARIZ.—You, Vox Pop, and another scissorbill claim (July 6) to have made a scoop by predicting a buying wave ahead of the New York Times.

It might interest you to know that a Los Angeles paper has scooped you both by six years. It has predicted buying waves, prosperity around the corner, and New Deals continuously since the collapse in 1929.—*W. F. Burroughs.*

SHYSTER . . . GRUDGE

AUGUSTA, GA.—In July 20 Vox Pop Mr. Lafayette McLaws, of Tampa, Florida, would purge the legal profession by exterminating shysters, who, like lice and mosquitoes, " introduce poison into the body politic."

The caustic words of Mr. McLaws clearly evidence no public concern of his about the legal profession but only a desire to inject through his pen poison and venom into the " body politic " concerning lawyers generally.

Public concern never evokes or provokes such venom, but some personal grudge and spite usually does. So come out with it, Lafayette, and let us have an opportunity of comparing you and your " ethics " with those of the " shyster " against whom you hold your grudge.—*P. T. C.*

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

GREENEVILLE, TENN.—I rise to say a word in behalf of the worst abused person in the universe. He is known in orthodox circles as the devil.

But, with all that, he attends strictly to his own business, moves in the best society, and never intrudes where he is not wanted. During the present depression his labors have increased enormously, yet he has asked for no reduction in his working hours or increase in pay. Say what you please, the old boy has some job.—*F. M. Ottinger.*

CABBAGE ENGINEER

MUNDELEIN, ILL.—Nowadays if a callow youth, just out of school, succeeds in unloading a fat insurance policy, he gets a glass-top desk and the high-sounding title of " insurance engineer." Likewise, we have production engineers, sales engineers, efficiency engineers, real-estate engineers, collection engineers, cloak-and-suit engineers, and ribbon-counter engineers, *ad inf.*

Having recently succeeded in raising a dozen or two fine cabbages in my backyard garden, I desire this accomplishment to be made manifest to a candid world by the assumption on my part of the title " cabbage engineer." How do I go about it?

Suggestions from Vox Pop readers would be appreciated.—*R. A. Vanderlyl.*

NEVER SO SCORCHED

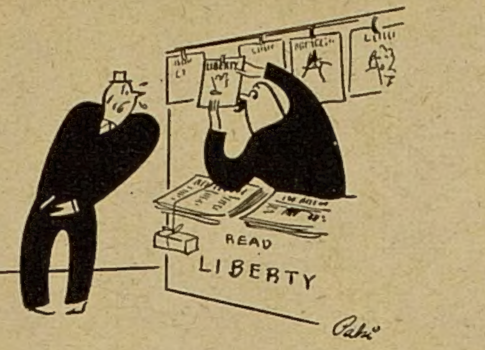
EL PASO, TEX.—I have never been so scorched as I was on reading (July 20 Vox Pop) what Beta Kennedy said about the King and Canada kidnaping the quints.

Of all the dumb nitwitted remarks!

If it had not been for the King and Canada there would be no quints for their proud mamma and papa to boast about.—*Bob Freeman.*

YET HE READS VOX POP!

Tucumcari, N. M.—If there is anything that makes me mad, it's some guy crying because he spent his nickel for



Liberty, such as this Guy Haythorn in July 27 Vox Pop.

Here is what I do:

I buy a loose-leaf binder for a nickel; then I buy sixty blank sheets of paper for the same. I use an old issue of Liberty for the front cover and one for the back.

Every week I go through the sixty blank sheets and imagine I am reading Liberty; then I spend the nickel for peanuts and say nothing to Liberty about it.—*A. Letcher.*

TWO MEN . . . ONE FACE

Beaumont, Tex.—May I call your attention to a coincidence beyond my explanation? The enclosed clipping from this town's Sunday Enterprise (July 7) shows a picture of "a geologist and hydraulic engineer" named L. B. Severance.

But can you imagine my astonishment when I recognized him as Carl Clausen in July 13 Liberty (page 15), where he appeared as the author of Love's Artillery? Not one shade of difference between them—both exactly alike even to a mole (or speck) on the left cheek. Can you explain it? Is Carl Clausen Mr. Severance's pen name? —*Jack.*

[No, Carl Clausen is not a pen name. The exactness of the two pictures is explained on the ground that they are of the same man. But Carl Clausen lives in New York and can hardly be a Texas geologist and hydraulic engineer at the same time. Why the Sunday Enterprise used Mr. Clausen's picture from Liberty to represent Mr. Severance is something for its editor to explain. We'd really like to know.—Vox Pop Editor.]

ICELAND OR ITALY . . . "HUNKY"

Canton, Ohio—I would suggest that Mr. Husek, the gentleman in July 13 Vox Pop, should spend a few days in one of the numerous steel mills of these more or less United States, where a large percentage of the employees are foreign born or of foreign extraction. He would soon find that any person whose looks or accent betray his immediate ancestors came from over the seas, whether from Iceland or Italy, is a "hunky." I know, because I call 'em that myself, just as a matter of habit. The "hunky" is far from being an obsolete cognomen.—*Experienced.*

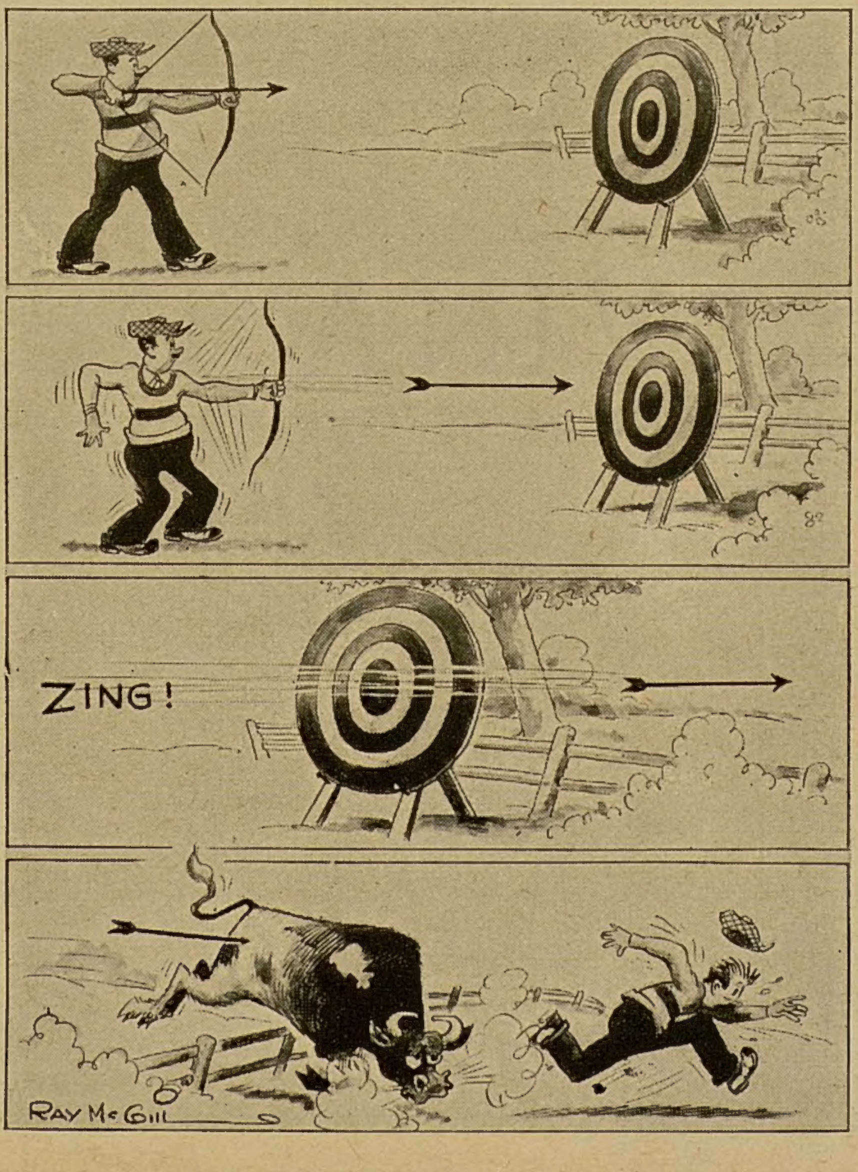
"THE AMERICAN HOME IS GOING TO ——"

Youngstown, Ohio—In Mr. Macfadden's editorial appearing in July 27 Liberty, entitled The American Home Is Going to ——!! there appeared a statement that "discipline has flown to the winds." The entire article was a very sound treatise on the problem confronting the American home, and the statement pertaining to absence of discipline hit the vital spot.

The wife of today does not know the meaning of discipline. At every opportunity she takes advantage of the tie that binds, and tragically the husband permits it.—*Paul D.*

Tampa, Fla.—I think Mr. Macfadden got it a little wrong about the home going "kaput." The trouble about it is that we old ducks belonging to the school of form and convention of the past and long ago cannot grasp the changes of the past twenty years.—*Samuel Borchardt.*

Philip, S. D.—The American Home Is Going to ——!! did not hit the spot. The American home is going to hell because of the home without a mother. The mother has taken the father's and the daughter's jobs. What is the result? No home supervision. The children run wild, and the mother wonders why her daughter went wrong and why the son did not make his grades in school.— —*Guy Ramsey, M. D.*

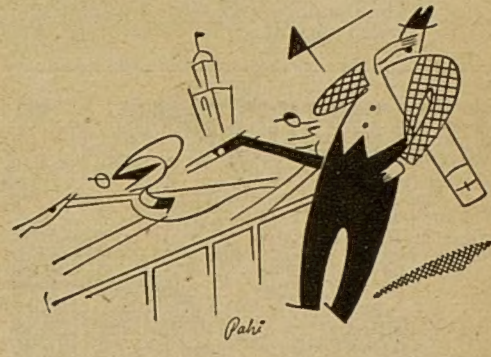


SHOOT AT THE LONG SHOTS

Springfield, Ill.—Splendid Hazards, by Charles B. Parmer in July 20 Liberty, is very interesting. Mr. Parmer evidently has had considerable experience in the game and has pointed out some very good "don'ts," but I disagree with him where he advised to avoid progression and playing a system. I claim that beating the races is as easy as shooting fish in a barrel.

All *successful* players should know that the only sure way to beat them is to stick close to a good system which brings in long shots, and use a mild progression of play. The progression Parmer mentions is unreasonable and would break a bank.

Approximately one third of the races are won by favorites. That leaves two



thirds to be won by the longer-priced horses. That being the case, it seems only logical to shoot at the long shots.—*C. M. Donaldson.*

ONE .450 SLUGGER ENOUGH

Seattle, Wash.—A hearty second for Ex-Pitcher's idea of a tenth player on the team, a pitcher's batter (July 13 Vox Pop). Only, why not make him the *team* batter?

For why should a crack shortstop or catcher, with a batting average of .027, say, and a record in the 100-yard dash of 19 4/5 seconds, show himself up at the plate, any more than a strike-out star in a similar predicament?

All a team needs is one .450 slugger, who, like the mound star, would command a salary large enough so that he could hire four 10-second dash flunkies as base-runners.

My idea of removing the one-sidedness of a game about four fifths dependent on the pitcher would be to have the eight players, outside of catcher, advance one position each inning—remember "one ol' cat"?—so that at the ninth inning each would have played one inning in every position in front of the plate, and no substitutions during game except for injury.

Then the pennant would go to the best *team*, the best *nine*—not a mediocre nine fortunate in having a pair of outstanding pitchers.—*R. E. Gustad.*

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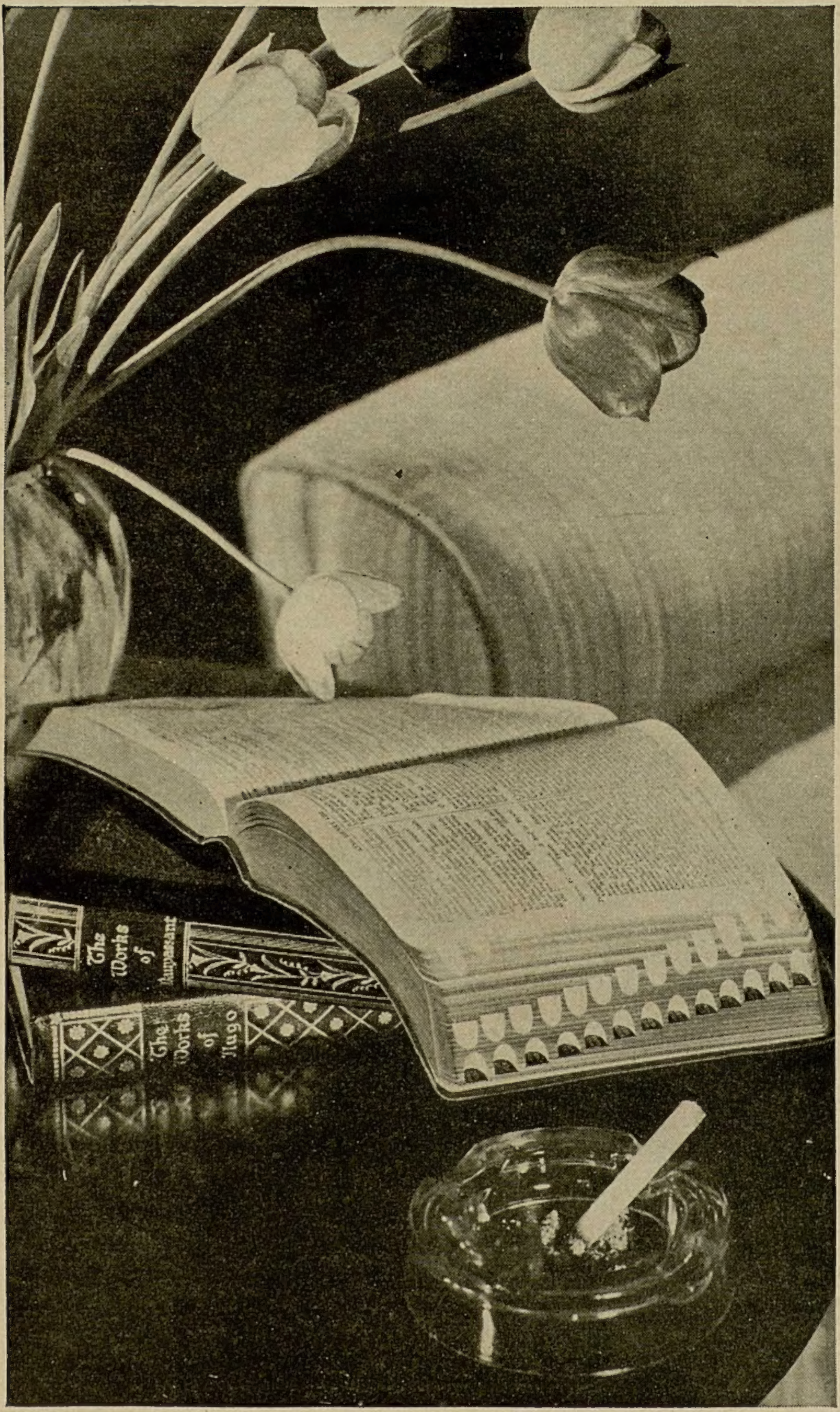

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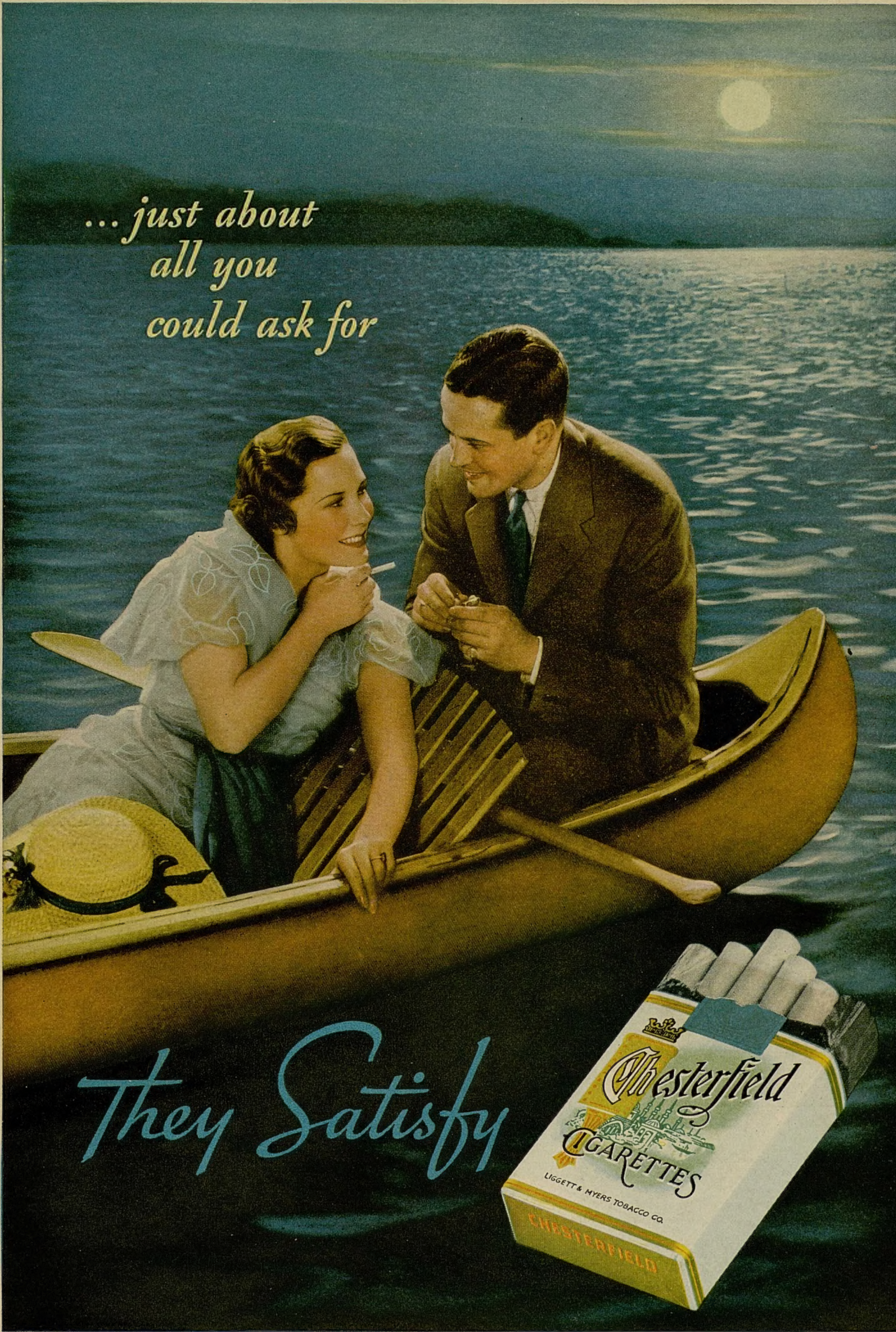
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